

# THE CRITICAL REVIEW,

For the Month of *March*, 1758.

## ARTICLE I.

*Continuation of the History of the Arabians, under the government of the Caliphs. By the Abbé de Marigny.*

**T**HIS work might be more properly stiled the history of the Caliphs, than that of the Arabians; for, it chiefly consists in a detail of the prince's personal actions and character, without communicating any information touching the extent, the government, the finances, the laws, the force of the empire, and the genius of the people.

The third volume begins with the reign of the Caliph Abul Abbas Saffah, and contains an account of the origin of the Abasfians, who succeeded the Ommyians in the Caliphate.

Almanzor, the brother and successor of Abbas, founded the city of Bagdat upon the banks of the river Tygris, near the spot where Seleucia formerly stood. In the choice of this place, he was determined by the following incident. 'Almanzor riding one day by the side of that river with his courtiers, at the time he was seeking out for a place convenient for his design, was so pleased with the beauty of the country, that he resolved to make choice of it for his purpose. Whilst he was discoursing of the matter with the officers that attended him, one of them leaving the company happened to meet with a hermit, whose cell was in the neighbourhood: the officer having entered into conversation with the anchoret, mentioned to him the Caliph's design. The hermit answered, That there was, indeed, a tradition in the country, that a city would one day be built on the spot he mentioned; but it was to be performed by a man called Moclas, a

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name very different from those of Giaffer and Almanzor, which the Caliph bore.

The officer returning to Almanzor, related the conversation that had passed between him and the hermit. The Caliph had no sooner heard the word Moclás, than he alighted from his horse, fell prostrate on the ground, and returned thanks to God that he had chosen him as an instrument to execute his will. The amazed courtiers impatiently waited for an explanation of this great mystery, which the Caliph soon gave them in the following manner :

“ During the Caliphate of the Ommiýans, said he, my brothers and I, being very young, and having but a slender income, were forced to live in the country, where each of us was caterer in his turn. Being once unable to buy provisions for my appointed day for want of money, I stole a bracelet from my nurse, and pledged it to supply my want ; the woman made a great noise about her loss, and by dint of searching and enquiry, she fixed the theft on me. In the heat of her passion she was not sparing of abusive language, and amongst other names she called me Moclás (which was the name of a noted robber of that time ;) and, during the rest of her life, she never called me by any other name. I therefore see plainly that heaven has destined me to the undertaking in question, which I will execute in this place, for it is evident that God himself has so ordained.”

Almanzor drew the first lines of the plan of that city round a hill, the summit of which he reserved to build his own palace thereon : he then ordered the works to be begun, and they were carried on with the utmost expedition ; but they were several times forced to suspend the building, that they might attend to matters of greater moment.

This new city became the seat of empire. Almanzor was succeeded by his son Mahadi, one of the best Caliphs that ever governed the Arabians, whose son was the famous Haroun-Al-Rashid, so much celebrated in Europe, as well as in Asia, for his learning, politeness, and generosity. He applied himself to the cultivation of arts and sciences. He invited learned men into his dominions, and was always attended by a certain number of those literati, with whom he conversed on different subjects. He re-established good order through all his dominions, civilized his people, instituted excellent laws, and appointed magistrates of approved courage and fidelity. In a word, he acquired the surname of Al-Rashid, which signifies, a Lover of Justice. Notwithstanding these encomiums, he ever retained a leaven of that caprice and ferocity, by which all those barbarians were distinguished. He caused his rival Jahia to be treacherously put to death, in express violation of his solemn promise, as well as of all the rights of hospitality ; and his ingratitude to the family of the Barmecidæ, is an indelible stain to his memory. Jahia, the father of this family, which was the most honourable,



honourable, illustrious, just and liberal, that ever Arabia produced, had been vizir, and resigned the office, which was conferred upon his second son Giaffer; ' but he found such charms in a private ' life, that he was soon induced to lay down that post, which he ' procured for his brother Fadhell, who maintained the same reputation as his father and brother had acquired in that honourable ' station.

' Giaffer having rid himself of the burthen of managing the ' affairs of the empire, thought now of passing his time with cheerfulness and ease: the Caliph, who also was the same way inclined, became more fond of his favourite, insomuch that he ' would never be without him, nor could he taste any pleasure, ' unless his dear Giaffer was a partaker of it.

' The Caliph had an equal tenderness for Abassah, his own sister: ' he took delight each day in passing some hours with her; but the ' great affection he bore to his favourite, made him regret that it ' was impossible to have his company at the same time; for the ' princess lodged in a private part of the palace near the Caliph's ' wives, and no person could gain admittance there.

' Haroun therefore resolved, that form and custom should give ' place to the gratification of his humour; and though it was not ' very seemly to take his sister from the company of her own sex, ' and accustom her to the society of men without a woman to keep ' her in countenance, he appointed an apartment for her in his ' own palace, and ordered, that for the future she should constantly eat at his own table.

' By this means Giaffer had frequent opportunities of seeing an ' amiable princess, on whom he had often heard the Caliph bestow ' the greatest encomiums. He was enchanted with her noble air, ' and above all with her wit, and the graces and charms of her ' conversation. Giaffer did not escape the princess's observation; ' she soon distinguished him above the other courtiers; and they ' insensibly took a liking to each other. The freedoms that are ' used at table, and the mirth and cheerfulness of the guests, soon ' furnished Giaffer with an opportunity of disclosing his passion, ' and of being convinced that it was not displeasing to her. The ' Caliph soon discovered their mutual inclinations, and far from ' shewing any resentment on the discovery, he seemed inclined to ' make him completely happy, by giving him hopes that Abassah ' should be his wife.

' This was the height of Giaffer's wishes; and the princess on ' her part having readily complied with her brother's proposal, ' Haroun resolved to terminate that important affair with the utmost expedition: but before it was concluded, he required of the ' two lovers that they should never see each other but in his presence, and should live together like brother and sister. This ' condition was proposed in the midst of a splendid entertainment, ' when the wine was far from being forgot: the generality of the

‘ Syrian Caliphs having made no scruple of drinking that liquor  
‘ publickly and to excess.

‘ Giaffer and Abassah probably flattered themselves, that so singular a condition as the Caliph had imposed on them, was rather  
‘ an effect of the fumes of liquor than of a fixed resolution : they  
‘ therefore promised, and even swore to obey Haroun’s orders, in  
‘ hopes that when he came to reflect on so ridiculous a prohibition,  
‘ he would be the first to dispense with the performance of it.

‘ The marriage was therefore celebrated on that condition ; and  
‘ Giaffer, who depended upon seeing it soon revoked, was greatly  
‘ amazed when the Caliph again told him he must not think of  
‘ using the prerogatives of a husband with Abassah, and threatened  
‘ him even with death, if he should find his orders not complied  
‘ with.

‘ They were forced therefore to consent to this rigorous prohibition ; and indeed the unhappy pair did not dare for a long time  
‘ to infringe the cruel law the Caliph had imposed on them : but  
‘ Abassah having sent to her husband some verses \*, in which she,  
‘ in a very ingenious manner, expressed her ardent passion ; Giaffer answered her in the same strain, and they forgot the Caliph’s prohibition.

‘ The effects of their mutual commerce soon appeared, and  
‘ they were forced to use every kind of artifice to prevent the  
‘ prince from discovering it. Abassah so managed her person,  
‘ that she imposed on the Caliph, and was delivered of a son  
‘ without its being known at court. The child was immediately  
‘ carried to Mecca to be privately brought up.

‘ The Caliph would ever have remained ignorant of the event,  
‘ if a base slave, whom they were obliged to entrust with the secret, had not revealed it : however, the Caliph took no notice  
‘ of the information he had received ; he delayed his vengeance  
‘ till the time he should go a journey to Mecca, where he expected  
‘ to meet with such information as was necessary to set the matter  
‘ in a clear light.

‘ When he arrived at that city he caused a strict enquiry to be  
‘ made, and he found that Giaffer had actually sent thither his  
‘ child which was born of Abassah, but he could not possibly discover where the child was ; for so soon as the Caliph set out on  
‘ his journey to Mecca, the infant was taken from thence ; and  
‘ not

\* ‘ The following is the purport of Abassah’s verses, as D’Herbelot relates them from Ben Abu Ajelah, an Arabian historian :

“ I did resolve to keep my flame a prisoner in my breast ; but  
“ spight of me it has forced its way, and now reveals itself. If you  
“ do not yield to this declaration, my modesty will perish together  
“ with my secret. But if you reject it, you will save my life by your  
“ refusal : however it be, I am sure I shall not die unrevenged, for  
“ my death will plainly shew who was my murderer.”



‘ not all his authority could procure him the least intelligence to  
‘ what place it had been carried.

‘ Haroun was so exasperated against the unhappy pair, that he  
‘ resolved from that moment to destroy them, and at the same  
‘ time to put to death the whole race of the Barmecidæ. He be-  
‘ gan with Giaffer, whose head he ordered to be struck off: he  
‘ then sent orders to Bagdat, in consequence of which the unfor-  
‘ tunate Abassiah was put to death on the spot †. Jahia and his  
‘ children were cast into prison, their estates were confiscated, and  
‘ all their relations shared the same fate; they were seized in dif-  
‘ ferent provinces of the empire, and for the most part died either  
‘ a violent death, or in extreme want and misery.

‘ This terrible misfortune set the courage and truly heroical  
‘ constancy of Jahia, that chief of the Barmecidæ, in its true  
‘ light. This unfortunate old man gave proofs of it (though he  
‘ was loaded with chains) whenever he was visited in prison by  
‘ any of his friends: for though, after the manner of courtiers,  
‘ the most part of them abandoned him the moment he fell into  
‘ disgrace, yet there were a few, who were so generous as not to  
‘ desert him in his misfortunes; and who strove to arm him with  
‘ patience to bear up against the ills with which he was oppressed.

‘ Jahia was thoroughly sensible of the great value of their  
‘ friendship; however, he convinced them that virtue had long  
‘ put him out of the reach of the strokes of fortune. “ Power  
“ and riches, said he to them, are no more than loans, which  
“ fortune trusts to man; we must be contented with the use of  
“ them for a season. She hath chosen us for an example to such  
“ as shall come after us, that they may learn not to be proud of  
“ her gifts, but to make a prudent use of them. God doth no  
“ wrong to man in withdrawing the favours he hath in a plenteous  
“ manner bestowed on him. He owed him nothing; he hath  
“ gratified him therewith according to his own appointed time: it  
“ is now his pleasure to confer them on others; it is our duty to

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† ‘ Some Arabian writers say, that the unfortunate Abassiah was  
‘ thrown into a well. Abu Ajelah, an Arabian author, relates, that  
‘ the princess was only banished, and reduced to a most miserable con-  
‘ dition. He tells us, that a lady of her acquaintance having met her  
‘ in the place of her exile, had a conversation with her, in which  
‘ Abassiah calling to mind her former grandeur, informed the lady she  
‘ had once four hundred slaves to wait on her, and that she was then  
‘ in want of every thing; that she had nothing but two sheep skins,  
‘ one of which served for a shift, the other for a gown, but that she  
‘ did not repine at her situation: that she attributed her misfortunes to  
‘ her want of gratitude for the blessings of providence; that she con-  
‘ fessed her crime, and repented of it, and was contented. The lady  
‘ then made her a present of five hundred drachmas, with which she  
‘ seemed as well pleased as if she had been restored to her former  
‘ rank.’ D’Herbelot *Bibliothèque orient.*

“submit to his will. The wise man ought not to covet riches, but he may receive them, in order to employ them for the good of the state; and should enjoy the residue, only as a traveller enjoys his rest for a night at his inn on a journey.”

Such were the sentiments of that admirable man in the height of his misfortunes. He also endeavoured to comfort his children, who were confined in the same prison with him, and who being of an age to enjoy the choicest favours of fortune, were more dejected at the fatal change. “How is it possible, said one of his children to him one day, that having served God and the state with the utmost zeal and application; having loved to bestow favours on all men; and having done nothing against the Caliph for which we can be justly blamed, we should yet be reduced to so wretched a condition?” “It is perhaps, answered Jahia, the voice of some distressed person, who hath cried aloud to heaven for vengeance against us; perhaps we have unwittingly neglected to administer justice to some person under oppression: if the crime is involuntary, the divine mercy will pardon us. Perhaps it is an effect of his goodness, to shew us the instability of the goods of this world; he may be pleased to try our faith, to see if we love him more than ourselves; if we adore him in prosperity, and in adversity: equally just in all conditions in which he shall place us, he will obliterate all our faults, and make us worthy of him.” What could Jahia have said more, if he had been enlightened with the truths of christianity?

The unjust and uncommon animosity of the Caliph against the Barmecidæ, was not satisfied with the long imprisonment he made that venerable old man suffer; he put an end to his misfortunes only by commanding him to be put to death, and the cruel order was executed in prison. They that undertook to dispatch him, brought back to the Caliph a paper, which they found fixed on the breast of the pretended criminal; on it was contained in his own hand-writing, “The accused is gone first; the accuser will soon follow him; they must both appear before that tribunal where false pleas and illicit proceedings will not avail.”

The inflexible Haroun was somewhat moved on reading the paper; he seemed to be sorry that he had acted so rigorously against a venerable person, to whose charge he could lay no crime; but this change was of no service to the rest of the family of that unfortunate minister: not one of them could obtain a pardon, or a restitution of their estates and effects; inso-much that such of them as escaped death, were obliged, for the most part, to go far from Bagdat, and not daring to discover themselves in the places where they took shelter, were forced to follow the meanest employments to get a livelihood.

Haroun



“ Haroun carried his unjust resentment against that family so far, as to attempt to abolish the memory of them: but his prohibitions against speaking of them were long in vain, and he could no otherwise impose silence on the people, than by proclaiming that all such persons as should presume to make the least mention of the Barmecidæ should suffer death.

“ There was however an old man, venerable both on account of his virtues and advanced age, who, through the affection, respect and gratitude he bore to the memory of the Barmecidæ, dared the Caliph's prohibition, and openly spoke in their praise without fearing his menaces.

“ Mondir, for so the old man was called, used every day to take his stand before one of their chief houses, and entertain the passengers with an account of the virtues, noble actions, and generosity of the Barmecidæ, and of the great services they had done the state. The Caliph having been informed of the old man's boldness, caused him to be apprehended, and he was soon condemned to die. Mondir received his sentence with the greatest resolution, and asked no other favour but that he might be permitted to speak a few words to the Caliph before it was put in execution.

“ Haroun having consented, the old man made him so pathetic a speech, that the prince had not the power to interrupt him. Mondir represented, with equal warmth and respect, how greatly the musliman state was indebted to the unfortunate Barmecidæ, “ You chose them, O commander of the faithful, said he, to govern the empire under your authority; you placed confidence in them; you yourself acknowledged their uncommon merit, their zeal, their capacity. Honours and favours were abundantly bestowed on them before our eyes; you taught us to love and reverence them; and can your people be culpable for entertaining sentiments, to which you yourself have given rise? They have shewn themselves to be faithful subjects, the support of your throne, and beneficent to all such as were indigent or oppressed: how then can we forget their benefits, their virtues, their services? “ You may silence the base and the ungrateful; but your power does not extend to the emotions of the heart, or the sentiments of the mind: and I dare boldly assert, that if you should attempt to constrain and smother them by threats of punishment, you would only add to their strength and vigour; and the very ruins of the palace of the Barmecidæ would loudly proclaim their praise, should we be so ungrateful as to remain silent.”

“ This discourse made a very deep impression upon the Caliph; he even seemed to be moved to compassion: it was then hoped he would have shewn a sorrow for his conduct towards the Barmecidæ; but that prince only revoked the cruel sentence he had passed on Mondir, and set him at liberty.

“The old man overjoyed, not so much that he had escaped with life, as that he had appeased the wrath of the Caliph against an illustrious family, which had been so unjustly proscribed, fell at his feet to return him thanks: when he arose in order to depart, he was amazed to see the Caliph make him a present: it was a golden plate. Mondir, when he received it, gave a fresh proof of his inviolable regard for the Barmecidæ: for looking on Haroun’s munificence as a certain proof that he was not displeased with the commendations he had bestowed on that family, shewing the prince’s gift, he cried out, “This is a new favour I have received from the hands of the Barmecidæ.”

This Caliph maintained a correspondence with Charlemagne, to whom he sent the following rich presents, according to father Barre, in his General History of Germany. “In the year of Christ 805, came ambassadors from Aaron king of Persia, who sent costly presents to the emperor: besides the perfumes, rich stuffs, balms, and aromattick wood, were two very remarkable pieces; the first was a tent of prodigious heighth, containing all the rooms necessary to form a complete apartment. They were disposed according to the manner of the orientals, and lined with the richest silks of Persia. At the end of a noble porch, supported by columns inlaid with plates of gold and silver, a throne was erected, covered with gold and diamonds intermixed, which gave a dazzling lustre: the other was a water-clock\* of very uncommon mechanisim, considering the age; it was of brass, and struck the hours.

“The king of Persia, continues the same author, made the emperor another present, which was much more esteemed by him; namely, the property of the holy places, which Aaron offered to that prince. The gift was joyfully accepted; and perhaps from thence some authors have said that Charlemain conquered the Holy Land; it was, in effect, a conquest which his reputation alone had gained him; and it contributes more to his glory, that he acquired the city of Jerusalem by such means, than if he had subdued it by force of arms.”

Learning flourished to a still greater degree under the auspices of Mamon the son of Haroun, whose court was an academy of the liberal arts and sciences. He employed learned men to translate Aristotle, Theophrastus, Euclid, Hippocrates, Galen, Dioscorides, and in general, all the works of value, both antient and modern, which he could procure from different countries. He was not more addicted to the arts, than generous, just, and moderate in his disposition,

“Du Cange in his annals says, that the clock, which was of brass, shewed the hours by the fall of balls of metal on the bell, and by the figures of knights, which opened and shut doors according to the number of hours.”



position: Before his time subjects had been disgraced without cause, cruel punishments had been inflicted, and the most eminent men had been barbarously put to death on the slightest pretences: but, in his reign no instance of barbarity appeared; all was mild, merciful and humane. He was a great proficient in mathematicks, and invited to his court a learned Greek of Constantinople, called Leo, who had been bishop of Thessalonica, and deprived because he would not declare against the worship of images. Mamon wrote the following letter to the emperor Michael the stammerer:

“ Mamon, grand emir and prince of the Arabians, to Michael,  
“ emperor of the Christians.

“ It was my intention to have paid you a friendly visit; but as  
“ the grandeur of my station, and the nature of my people, will  
“ not permit me to undertake it, I desire you will send to me  
“ the most learned philosopher Leo, that I may profit by his in-  
“ structions in the study of the sciences, of which I am a passionate  
“ admirer. Let not the difference in our religions prevent you,  
“ for I ask him as a friend: on that consideration I will maintain  
“ a perpetual peace with you, and will send you one thousand by-  
“ zants of gold to indemnify you for the expence of the last cam-  
“ paign\*.”

“ The emperor paid not the least regard either to the intreaties  
“ or offers of the Caliph, but returned an evasive answer; at  
“ which Mamon was so piqued, that he took up arms and entered  
“ the provinces of the empire: but this expedition was soon ended;  
“ he only seized some of the strongest frontier places, and went to  
“ pass the winter at Damascus.”

The magnificence of the Caliph's court, may be conceived from the following detail of an audience given to the Greek ambassadors, sent by Constantine Porphyrogenetus to Moctader. “ Ambassadors  
“ arrived at Bagdat from Constantine Porphyrogenetus, then em-  
“ peror of Constantinople, under the tuition of the empress  
“ Zoe, his mother, who came to compliment the Caliph, and to  
“ negotiate a truce, and an exchange of prisoners.

“ The great pomp with which they were received, was a manifest  
“ proof that their proposals would be accepted. The imperial  
“ palace was adorned with the richest furniture; arms of all kinds  
“ were placed in view; all the Caliph's guard was drawn up in the  
“ great square to the number of fifty thousand men, to whom  
“ they publicly gave their pay in purses of gold. In another  
“ place appeared four thousand white eunuchs, and three thousand  
“ black eunuchs, with seven hundred ushers to guard the gates  
“ and avenues to the palace. Within side, and round about it,  
“ were

“ Mamon probably meant the war which Thomas had com-  
“ menced against Michael, and in which the Saracens served as auxiliary  
“ troops.”

‘ were put up thirty thousand cloths before the doors, to keep out  
 ‘ the wind, of which twelve thousand were of silk, and five hun-  
 ‘ dred of gold brocade, with twelve thousand five hundred pieces  
 ‘ of tapestry of excellent workmanship,

‘ In the midst of the great hall, in which they gave audience to  
 ‘ the ambassadors, was a tree of massy gold, which had (amongst  
 ‘ others) eighteen large principal branches, and thereon were  
 ‘ placed birds of gold and silver, which clapped their wings, and  
 ‘ warbled out various notes. This tree caused great surprize in the  
 ‘ spectators, who could not sufficiently admire so curious and in-  
 ‘ comprehensible a piece of mechanism.

‘ There were also mock engagements on the water; a great  
 ‘ number of boats, painted and gilt, appeared on the Tygris,  
 ‘ which formed squadrons distinguished by their several colours.  
 ‘ The crews were neat and fine, and some of them very richly  
 ‘ dressed. These boats represented several naval actions, and were  
 ‘ managed with the utmost order and dexterity.’

The fourth volume begins with the reign of Rhadi, in the year  
 of Christ 934: but, by this time, the vast empire of the Ara-  
 bians was split into a number of Dynasties, formed by governors  
 of provinces who rendered themselves independent. The Cali-  
 phate gradually dwindled into an office wholly spiritual, at least  
 with respect to the mahometan princes, who, in the sequel, payed  
 no further regard to the Caliph, than that of receiving the investi-  
 ture from him, and respecting him as the successor of the prophet.

Rhadi finding himself too weak to bear the weight of a crown,  
 delegated the administration to Raik, for whom he instituted a new  
 office superior that of vizir, called *Emir al Omara*, that is, Com-  
 mander of the Commanders; and this post soon became hereditary.

Our author is very full upon the rise of the Selgiucidans, who  
 established themselves in Chorasán; shook the several dynasties,  
 and, at length, made themselves masters of Bagdat and the Ca-  
 liphate. He gives a particular account of the famous Avicenna  
 who lived under Caiem, in the eleventh century. ‘ Avicenna  
 ‘ composed some voluminous treatises on logick, metaphysics, and  
 ‘ particularly on medicine. His principal work is intitled, *Canoun*  
 ‘ *fil Thebb*. The author has divided it into several parts; in the  
 ‘ first he treats of medicine in general, both theoretick and prac-  
 ‘ tical: in the second, of simple medicines and their qualities: the  
 ‘ third begins with anatomy, and then speaks of the diseases of the  
 ‘ several parts of the body: the fourth treats of distempers in ge-  
 ‘ neral: and the fifth teaches the method of compounding and ap-  
 ‘ plying medicines.

‘ The conduct of Avicenna was in no wise suitable to his noble  
 ‘ and elevated genius. His manners were excessively corrupt, and  
 ‘ destroyed both his constitution and fortune. His inordinate love  
 ‘ for women and wine caused him to be driven from the court of  
 ‘ Magedadulat, a Sultan of the race of the Buians, to whom he  
 ‘ was



‘ was chief physician, and afterwards vizir. His debaucheries brought him to poverty, and occasioned him to be afflicted with various maladies, particularly an habitual cholick, of which he died at the age of fifty-five years.

‘ A poet, who then wrote his epitaph, says, on account of his great knowledge and want of conduct, that his books of philosophy had not taught him good manners; nor his books of physic the art of preserving his health.’

The reader will not be displeased to see the following account of the people called Assassins.

‘ The Batineans were professed assassins, and are called in history Ishmaelians, Hassassins, Assassinians; from whence we have borrowed the word Assassins, to denote those that murder privately. Some authors say, they were originally Karmathians, whose conduct indeed they closely followed. They formed a kind of dynasty, which lasted about one hundred and seventy-one years. Their first prince was Hassan Sabah, who established himself in Persian Irak in the 483d year of the Hegyra. Their chief place of shelter was the castle of Almut. Historians call their leader, The old man of the mountain, translating thus the Arabian name Scheik al Gebal, which signifies, Lord of Persian Irak; but as Scheik signifies also an old man, and Gebal a mountain, a name particularly attributed to Irak, because that province is very mountainous, they that have written the history of the Holy Land have always called the chief of these banditti, The old man of the mountain. They were so devoted to their prince, that on the first order they flew, or precipitated themselves from any height. They obeyed with still greater readiness, when they were commanded to assassinate any prince with whom their leader was displeased. Thus, after having murdered the vizir Nezam in 484, they slew Amer, Caliph of Egypt in 554, and Mostarched, Caliph of Bagdat, in 529. They also exercised their fury on some of the princes who had put on the cross for the expedition to the Holy Land. They publickly killed the famous marquis of Monferrat at Tyre. Leopold, duke of Austria, having accused Richard king of England of that murder, the old man of the mountain wrote him a letter, in which he informed him that his people had done it by his command; and he informed Leopold of the reasons he had to cause the marquis to be slain. His letter is dated the year 1500, from Alexandria. In the year of Christ 1231, they assassinated Lewis of Bavaria; and in 1252, they even dared to make an attempt on the person of St. Lewis, king of France, but he escaped the danger, by reason that their chief having changed his design, sent speedy advice to that prince to stand on his guard.’

It is remarkable, that our author does not on this occasion mention Edward I. of England among the princes whose lives were attempted

attempted by these assassins : but, we are sorry to say, we have observed in the greater part of French writers, a little mean national jealousy, which induces them, as much as in them lies, to suppress the actions and characters of the great men whom this nation has produced.

He explains the rise of the famous Tartar Genghis Khan, and describes his victories ; but, he is very brief in his account of the crusades ; and brings his history no farther down than the year 1258. The Arabian empire was indeed destroyed before this period : but, we could have wished that he had continued his narration to the establishment of the Ottoman empire, which commenced about the beginning of the fourteenth century.

On the whole, we recommend this performance as a work of merit, fraught with instruction and entertainment ; and we think the translation is in general executed with care and fidelity.

ART. II. *A Supplement to the first book of the second part of the credibility of the gospel history, Vol. III. Containing a history of St. James, St. Peter, and St. Jude, with the evidences of the genuineness of the seven catholic epistles, and the revelation, the times when they were writ, and remarks upon them.* By N. Lardner, D. D. 8vo. Pr. 5 s. Noon.

**D**R. Lardner's third and last volume contains a history of St. James, St. Peter, and St. Jude, with the evidences of the genuineness of the seven \* catholic Epistles, and the revelation, the times when they were writ, and remarks upon them. We shall give our readers, in as concise a manner as possible, the subject-matter of the whole. The doctor begins with the history of

St. J A M E S,

The Lord's brother, often mentioned in the acts, and St. Paul's Epistles. This James, the doctor is of opinion, was † the son of Alpheus or Cleophas (for those names seem to be one, differently

\* ' They are called catholic, or universal, or general, because they are not writ to the believers of some one city or country, or to particular persons, as St. Paul's epistles are, but to christians in general, or to christians of several countries. This is the case of five, or the greater part of them, with which the two other are joined. Moreover, when the first epistle of Peter, and the first of St. John, were called catholic by the most early christian writers, the two smaller of St. John were unknown, or not generally received.'

† ' How he was so is made out differently. They who say, that those called our Lord's brethren were sons of Cleophas, husband of Marie, related to our Lord's mother, seem to have here no difficulty. But they who suppose our Lord's brethren to have been sons of Joseph by a former wife, are somewhat embarrassed.'



differently writ). According to Epiphanius's account, Cleophas and Joseph were brothers; the former dying without issue, Joseph raised up seed to his brother †. Accordingly James being the first-born of Joseph, was called the son of Cleophas. He was certainly however one of the apostles; and, after our Lord's ascension, of great note and estimation among them. Soon after St. Stephen's death, in the year 36, or thereabout, he seems to have been appointed president, or superintendent in the church of Jerusalem, where, and in Judea, he resided the remaining part of his life. Accordingly, he presided in the council of Jerusalem, held there in the year 49, or 50. He was in great repute among the Jewish people, both believers and unbelievers, and was surnamed the Just. Notwithstanding which he suffered martyrdom in a tumult at the temple: and, probably, in the former part of the year 62. He wrote one epistle not long before his death.

This James is called by St. Mark, *the Less*. The doctor observes, 'that *the Less* in the original, is not a comparative, but a positive, *the little*, τὸ μικρὸν. And so Beza has translated. Maria Jacobi parvi et Jose mater. However in the Latin vulgate it is Jacobi minoris. And it is evident, that Jerome so understood the word.

'Gregorie Nyssen thought, he was called the Less, as not being one of the twelve apostles. Which reason I cannot admit, because I am persuaded he was an apostle, if he was the Lord's brother. Nor do I perceive in the New Testament more than two of this name.

'Some say, he was so called, because he was the younger of the two apostles of this name. But of this there is no proof, nor probability. For James, the son of Alpheus, must have been his father's first-born, and may have been as old, or older than James the son of Zebedee.

'Some have conjectured, that he might be so called on account of his stature. Which conjecture is favoured by the literal sense of the word in the positive degree, *James the Little*.'

'Lastly, he might be so called, on account of his inferiority in comparison of the other James the son of Zebedee. He was likewise (though not in the New Testament) called *the Just*, a name given him by the antients on account of the eminence of his virtue.'

The doctor then proceeds to consider the evidences of the genuineness of the epistle ascribed to St. James, the time when, and the people to whom it was writ. He observes, that it is referred to  
by

† According to this account of Epiphanius, James was called our Lord's brother, because he was the reputed son of Joseph the husband of the Virgin Mary. But Epiphanius seems to have no authority for what he has said on this subject. Nor does Dr. Lardner give us any satisfactory reason for the appellation of the *Lord's brother*.

by *Clement* bishop of Rome, that it is one of the three catholic epistles received by the Syrian christians, and by Chrysostom and Theodoret. And that after the time of Eusebius, this and the other six catholic epistles were received by all Greeks and Latins in general: and are in the catalogues of canonical scripture composed by councils, and learned authors.

It was received by *Jerome*. It was not however acknowledged by all; because it was not certainly known that James the writer of it was an apostle. Dr. Lardner is, notwithstanding, firmly of opinion, that this epistle is a part of Sacred Scripture, and ought to be so received. It was written in the year 61, a little time before the death of *James*, which the doctor conjectures was partly occasioned by the offence taken at his epistle: in which are not only sharp reprehensions of the unbelieving Jews for the crimes committed by them, but also affecting representations of the dreadful calamities coming upon them.

It is remarkable of this epistle, that it \* ‘ consists of general ‘ exhortations to piety, patience, and other moral virtues. It ‘ has twice or thrice mentioned our Saviour; but has nothing of ‘ his miracles, or teachings, or death, or resurrection, or our redemption by him: of which Paul’s, and Peter’s, and John’s ‘ epistles are full.’

The doctor is of opinion, it was writ to all Jews, descendants of *Jacob*, of every denomination, throughout the world in *Judea* and out of it. Our author then proceeds to his history of

#### St. P E T E R.

Simon, surnamed Cephas or Peter, was born at Bethsaida, and was a fisherman upon the lake of *Gennesareth*, as was probably his father *Jonas* or *Jonah*. His call is recorded by three evangelists. In Peter’s house our Saviour made his usual abode. The modesty and zeal of Peter were conspicuous; as were also his humility and sincere repentance. He was highly esteemed and distinguished by his divine Master. The doctor observes, that the two apostles, Matthew and John, have mentioned more of these prerogatives of Peter, than the other two evangelists. We may hence conclude, that the Apostles, when illuminated by the Spirit with the knowledge of the true nature of Christ’s kingdom, were quite free from envy, and that Peter was not assuming and arrogant among his brethren.

It may be here observed likewise, that as our sacred historians were not envious, so neither were they fond and partial. The several advantages and virtues of Peter are recorded by some only. But his fault in denying Christ, when under prosecution, is related by all.

Peter

\* Query, whether this remarkable circumstance does not in some measure invalidate Dr. Lardner’s reasonings in favor of James’s apostleship?



Peter was president in the college of the apostles, and is always named first among them. He was present in the year 49 or 50, at the council of *Jerusalem*. Soon after which, he went to *Antioch*, where he was reproved by St. Paul. No distinct account of Peter's travels is any where to be met with, tho' he is supposed to have preached to the Jews of the dispersion in Pontus, Bithynia, Cappadocia, and Asia. In those countries he might stay a good while. It is very likely he did so, and that he was well acquainted with the christians there, to whom he afterwards wrote two epistles. He came to Rome about the year 64, where he suffered \* martyrdom.

Learned men have denied that Peter ever was at Rome. Dr. Lardner considers the arguments on both sides; is himself of opinion that Peter most certainly was there, and concludes with this observation, 'it is not for our honour, (*says he*) nor our interest, either as christians, or protestants, to deny the truth of events, ascertained by early and well attested tradition. If any make an ill use of such facts, we are not accountable for it. We are not, from a dread of such abuses, to overthrow the credit of all history, the consequence of which would be fatal.'

The two epistles ascribed to St. Peter, are, in our author's opinion, certainly written by him: though the genuineness of the second is disputed by many †. The first, as we learn from *Eusebius*, was all along received as authentic; and both of them in the fourth and following centuries by all christians, except the *Syrians*. Grotius thinks the † second epistle was writ by Simeon, bishop of *Jerusalem*.

\* Jerome says, 'that Peter was crucified by order of Nero, and so crowned with martyrdom, his head downward, and his feet lifted up, saying, He was unworthy to be crucified, as his master was.' To the like purpose Prudentius. Chrysostom also several times speaks of Peter's being crucified with his head downwards.

'And it is unquestioned, that among the Romans some were so crucified, to add to their pain and ignominy. Nevertheless some antient writers, who speak of Peter's martyrdom by crucifixion, do not take notice of that circumstance.'

† 'The first epistle seems (*says Dr. Lardner*) to be referred to by Clement of Rome. It is plainly referred to by Polycarp several times. It is also referred to by the martyrs at Lyons. It was received by Theophilus, bishop of Antioch. It was quoted by Papias. It is quoted in the remaining writings of Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, and Tertullian. Consequently, it was all along received. But we do not perceive the second epistle to be quoted by Papias, nor by Irenæus, nor Tertullian, nor Cyprian.'

‡ The present bishop of London observes, 'that the first and third of the three chapters of Peter's second epistle, agree in stile with the first epistle. The only difference is in the second chapter, the stile of which is no more like to that of the other two, than it is to that of the first epistle. The occasion of this difference seems to be this, that in the second

Jerusalem. Concerning the persons to whom these epistles were sent, there have been different opinions among both antients and moderns. The doctor mentions several, with the reasons alleged, and concludes with his own, which is, that they were sent to all christians in general living in the countries mentioned in the beginning of the first epistle, though he thinks they were for the most part of \* Gentile stock and original. Concerning the place where they were written, there are four different opinions embraced by the learned: some suppose † the Babylon, mentioned by Peter to mean a town or city of that name in Egypt. Some, Babylon in Assyria; some, *Babylon* in Mesopotamia; and lastly, some imagine, that by *Babylon* St. Peter figuratively means *Rome*. To the latter of these opinions the doctor himself subscribes. He adds, that they were most probably writ not long before this apostle's death. About the year 64 or 65.

The doctor then proceeds to the *epistles* (the *history* being already written by him) of the apostle

#### St. J O H N.

All the three epistles of St. John are now generally received as his. The first epistle is likewise acknowledged by the antients. But the other two are contradicted, or doubted of, by some. The Syrian churches in particular admit but of one as genuine. Concerning the time when the first epistle was written, there are various opinions which are here produced. The doctor thinks it was not writ till after the Jewish war about the year 80; and his reason for it is, that the arguments alledged for proving it to have been writ sooner, are not satisfactory. In regard to the persons to whom this epistle was sent, it is observable, that the writer doth not in any part of it describe or characterize those to whom he writes, by the name of their city, country, or any such thing. This has given scope for the learned to form various conjectures concerning it. The doctor is of opinion, it was designed for all christians in general, especially for the churches in Asia under the apostle's inspection,

‘ cond chapter there is a description of the false prophets and teachers, who infested the church, and perverted the doctrines of the gospel. Some antient Jewish writer had left behind him a description of the false prophets of his own, or perhaps earlier times. Which description is applied both by St. Peter and St. Jude to the false teachers of their own times.’

\* ‘ *As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves, according to the former lusts in your ignorance.*’ 1 Peter i. 14. This might be very pertinently said to men converted from Gentilism to Christianity. But no such thing is ever said by the apostles, concerning the Jewish people, who had been favored with divine revelation, and had the knowledge of the true God.

† At the end of the first epistle, St. Peter says, ‘ *the church that is at Babylon, elected together with you, saluteth you.*’



spection, without excepting the believers in *Judea*, or any other country whatever.

St. John's second epistle is thus inscribed, *To the elect lady, and her children*, which has been differently understood by antients and moderns. Some will have it to mean the church in general; some a particular church; some a particular lady, the lady *Electa*, the lady *Kuria*, the elect *Kyria*. Dr. Lardner himself subscribes to the generally received interpretation; and seems to think the others (what they most certainly are) rather whimsical. The circumstance is not perhaps of consequence enough, to deserve the many pages which have been wrote upon it. The doctor therefore hastens to the third epistle, which is addressed to *Gaius*, or *Caius*, an eminent christian, who most probably lived in some city of Asia, not far from *Ephesus* where St. John chiefly resided after leaving *Judea*. This, together with the second epistle, Dr. Lardner imagines was writ between the years 80 and 90. Our author proceeds to

### St. J U D E.

Concerning St. *Jude*, very little is known with any degree of certainty. All that can be collected is, that he was one of those called the \* Lord's brethren, and an apostle, and brother of James the apostle. He preached the gospel in several parts of the land of *Israel*, and wrought miracles in the name of *Christ*. It may be questioned whether he was a martyr. † The epistle ascribed to St. *Jude* was received by many in the time of Eusebius, though not by all. In Clement of Alexandria, who flourished about the year 194, we meet with notes on this epistle. It is likewise quoted by him in two of his works now extant. Origen has also quotations from it. Our author is of opinion, that this epistle was designed for the use of all in general who had embraced the christian religion; and that it was written, as appears by the agreement between the two epistles, about the same time as the epistle of St. Peter, in the year 65, or 66.

\* ' Our Lord's brethren, as enumerated, are, " James, and Joses, " and Simon, and Judas." Matt. xiii. 55. " James, and Joses, and " Judas, and Simon." Mark vi. 3. ' And in the catalogues of the " apostles are these.' " James the son of Alpheus, and Lebbeus, " whose surname was Thaddeus. Simon the Canaanite." Mat. x. 3. " James the son of Alpheus, and Thaddeus, and Simon the Ca- " naanite." Mark iii. 18. " James the son of Alpheus, and Simon " Zelotes, and Judas the brother of James." Luke vi. 15. 16. " James the son of Alpheus, and Simon Zelotes, and Judas the bro- " ther of James." Acts i. 13.

† This epistle is never expressly cited by Irenæus, who wrote about the year of Christ 178, a circumstance which may probably be advanced by some as a negative proof against the genuineness of it.

The doctor now comes to the last book of the New Testament,

### THE REVELATION.

Dr. Lardner's chapter on the Revelation of St. John is short, for which indeed he gives us a very good reason; namely, 'that it is a book which he never understood.' Very different have been the sentiments of christians concerning it. Many receiving it as the writing of *John the Apostle and Evangelist*; others ascribing it to *John a Presbyter*, others to *Cerintbus*, and some rejecting it without knowing to whom it should be ascribed. The doctor sums up the \* testimony of antient christians concerning it; and observes, that, upon the whole, it has been generally acknowledged in all ages, though rejected by some, particularly the *Syrians*, and some other christians in the East. He likewise considers the marks of its genuineness from internal characters, and remarks the conformity both of sentiment and expression, between the *revelation*, and the uncontested writings of *St. John*. It seems to the doctor to have been written near the end of the reign of *Domitian*, about the year 96.

After what has been here extracted from Dr. Lardner's third volume, it may not be amiss to subjoin his table of the seven catholic epistles, and the revelation, with the places where, and the times when, they were writ.

EPISTLES, &c.	PLACES.	A. D.
The epistle of St. James.	Judea.	61
		} or the beginning of 62
The two epistles of St. Peter.	Rome.	64
St. John's first epistle.	Ephesus.	about 80
His second and third epistles.	Ephesus.	{ between 80
		{ and 90
The epistle of St. Jude.	Unknown.	{ 64
		{ or 65
The revelation of St. John.	{ Patmos,	{ 95
	{ or	{ 96
	{ Ephesus.	{

At the conclusion of this volume, we find a chapter on the order of the books of the New Testament, where the reader will see at one view, in what manner the several parts were ranged by antient authors, with many pertinent and sensible observations on it.

The doctor has likewise another chapter to prove, that the books of the New Testament, consisting of a collection of sacred writings in two parts, one called gospel or gospels, or evangelicon; the other

\* It appears by this account, that Justin Martyr, so early as the year 140, was acquainted with it, and received it as written by St. John. It is quoted also by Irenæus and Theophilus, and Clement of Alexandria, all living in the second century.



other epistles, or apostle, or apostles, or apostolicon, were early known, read, and made use of, by christians.

This truth, which is an essential one, our author endeavours to establish by considering, First, the internal marks and characters: and, 2dly, the † testimony of antient writers concerning it. It most evidently appears from the authorities here collected, that, in the very early days of Christianity, the books of the New Testament were well known, much used, and greatly respected.

In the doctor's last chapter, he considers whether ‡, according to some latter writers, any sacred books of the New Testament have been lost.

‘ A man, who thinks (*says our author*) of our Lord's great character, and the unparalleled excellence of his discourses, and the great number of his miraculous works, and that he had twelve apostles, and seventy other disciples, employed by him, all zealous for the honour of their master, and the good of his people, might be disposed to say: Certainly, there were many gospels, or authentic histories of his life, writ before the destruction of Jerusalem. And yet, if there is any credit to be given to ecclesiastical history, when John was desired to write his gospel, about the time of that event, or after it, there were brought to him no more than three gospels, to be confirmed by him, or to have some additions made to them. One of which only had been writ by an apostle, even Matthew's. And it is the concurrent testimony of all christian antiquity, that there were but four gospels writ by apostles, and apostolical men. And yet we have no reason to say, that the true interest of mankind has not been duly consulted.’

There are, in the doctor's opinion, many considerations tending to satisfy us, that no sacred writings of the apostles of Christ are

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lost.

† That the first three gospels were well known in the world, before St. John wrote, is supposed by Eusebius of Cesarea, who was well acquainted with the writings of christians before his time. These are the words of that eminent man. Having spoken of St. Matthew's gospel, he goes on: “ And when Mark and Luke had published the gospels according to them, it is said, that John, who all this while had preached by word of mouth, was induced to write for this reason. The three first written gospels being now delivered to all men, and to John himself, it is said that he approved them.” Before this last evangelist wrote, the other three gospels had been delivered unto all men, and to John. He therefore had seen them before, and they were in the hands of many people.

‘ What has been now said of the gospels, is applicable, in a great measure, to the acts, and the epistles of the New Testament: as may be perceived by all, without enlarging any farther.’

‡ ‘ Mr. John Ens, and Mr. C. M. Pfaff in a work published by him in the early part of his life. Herman Witsius likewise has argued on the same side in several of his works.’

lost : these our author enumerates, together with the \* difficulties that have been started on this subject, which he endeavours to remove ; and concludes with observing, that, if the primitive christians (as it plainly appears) knew not of any apostolical writings, besides those which have been transmitted to us, it is very probable there were none.

Thus have we extracted, with as little injustice to the learned author as the nature of our Review would permit, the most material parts of this excellent performance. We think ourselves obliged to recommend Dr. Lardner's Supplement to his credibility of the gospel history, in three volumes, as one of the most useful works that has for some time made its appearance in the world of literature. The reader who expects to find in it the flights of inventive fancy, the bold conjectures, or animated stile of fruitful genius, will be disappointed ; but he who has sense enough to content himself with extensive learning, and an useful instruction in religious matters, unfeigned piety, and regard for Christianity, will be thoroughly satisfied. It is a book which should be put into the hands of every young divine, as it will be highly serviceable to him in his most important business, the study of the Holy Scriptures.

\* Among these difficulties we meet with the following : ‘ *I wrote unto you in an epistle, not to accompany with fornicators.*’ 1 Cor. v. 9.

‘ Hence it is argued, that St. Paul had writ an epistle to the Corinthians, before he wrote the first of those two, which we have : consequently, here is proof of the loss of a sacred writing, which would have been canonical, if extant.

‘ And it must be acknowledged, that several learned men have concluded as much from this text. Others however see not here any such proof. And on this side have argued Whitby, and others. And I think, it is of no small weight, that several antient writers understood the apostle to say : *I have writ to you in this epistle.* So Theodoret, Theophylact, and Photius in Oecumenius. They suppose, that the apostle here refers to somewhat before said by him in this same epistle, and in this very chapter, ver. 2. or 6. 7.’ For the whole answer to this objection, see the work p. 444, &c.

ART. III. *The Call of Aristippus. Epistle IV. To Mark Akenfide, M. D. By the author of the three former epistles of Aristippus. 4to. Pr. 1s. Doddsley.*

THE author of this short, but agreeable performance, need not perhaps have informed us in his title page, that it was written by the same hand, to which we are indebted for the three former epistles of Aristippus. There is an ease and gaiety, together with what the French term a *naïveté*, running through it, which sufficiently distinguishes it from most of the compositions which we have lately met with. The old lady, whose decaying faculties



culties we have already animadverted upon, has indeed taken the liberty to decry this poem, and to fall upon the author with a degree of malevolence, in our opinion both unaccountable and unjustifiable. She calls it an \* *insult* upon the reader, and is very angry with *Aristippus* for making *himself* the hero of his tale. But this, with all due deference to this *arch-critic*, is stripping poor poets of a privilege which they have enjoyed time out of mind, the privilege, we mean, of immortalizing themselves; and which from *Homer* down to *Cooper* has never been called in question.

Without regarding therefore what the subject is, let us see in what manner it is treated. The poem is addressed to Dr. *Akenfide*, author of one of the finest † poems in the English language, and whom he calls on to exercise his poetical talents, at the same time promising himself immortality from the doctor's approbation.

- ‘ If thy nice ear attends the strains
- ‘ This careless bard of nature breathes
- ‘ On Cyprian flute in Albion's plains,
- ‘ By future poets myrtle wreaths
- ‘ Shall long be scatter'd o'er his urn
- ‘ In annual solemnity,
- ‘ And marble Cupids, as they mourn,
- ‘ Point where his kindred ashes lies.’

There is something very picturesque in the attitude of the *marble Cupids* pointing to the urn, and which might perhaps convey no bad hint to any modern sculptor, who had skill enough to execute this design. The cheerfulness of unaffected virtue, and the gaiety of innocent youth, is prettily described in these lines,

- ‘ — Virtue moaps not in the cell
- ‘ Where cloister'd pride and penance dwell,
- ‘ But, in the chariot of the loves,
- ‘ She triumphs innocently gay,
- ‘ Drawn by the yok'd Idalian doves,
- ‘ Whilst young affections lead the way
- ‘ To the warm regions of the heart,
- ‘ Whence selfish fiends of vice depart,
- ‘ Like spectres at th' approach of day.’

After conveying his brother bard to the Elysian shades, and ranking him with Plato, Virgil, Lucretius, and Horace, our author places himself with his own poetical kindred Anacreon, Chappelle, Chaulieu, &c. writers, whom he has industriously, and, in our opinion, happily imitated. Those amongst our readers, who have no objection to the freedom of *Epicurean* principles, will read him with pleasure when he says,

- ‘ Each momentary bliss I seize,
- ‘ Ere these warm faculties decay,

P 3

‘ The

\* See the last Monthly Review.

† The Pleasures of the Imagination.

- ‘ The fleeting moments to deceive
- ‘ Of human life’s allotted day.
- ‘ And when th’ invidious hand of time
- ‘ By stealth shall silver o’er my head,
- ‘ Still pleasure’s rosy walks I’ll tread,
- ‘ Still with the jocund muses rhyme,
- ‘ And haunt the green Idalian bow’rs,
- ‘ Whilst wanton boys of Paphos’ court
- ‘ In myrtles hide my staff for sport,
- ‘ And coif me, where I’m bald, with flow’rs.’

The *biding his staff*, and *coifing him with flowers*, is truly anacreontic. Tho’ \* neither of these thoughts are entirely new, the author has made them his own by his propriety in applying them to his subject. The poem ends thus,

- ‘ ——— To each happy habit true,
- ‘ Preferring happiness to pow’r,
- ‘ Will Aristippus e’en pursue
- ‘ Life’s comforts to the latest hour,
- ‘ Till age (the only malady
- ‘ Which thou and med’cine cannot cure,
- ‘ Yet what all covet to endure)
- ‘ This innocent voluptuary
- ‘ Shall, from the laughs and graces here,
- ‘ With late and lenient change remove,
- ‘ To regions of Elysian air,
- ‘ Where shades of mortal pleasures rove,
- ‘ Destin’d, without alloy, to share
- ‘ Eternal joys of mutual love,
- ‘ Which transitory were above.’

Upon the whole, though we do not think (which some criticks seem greatly disappointed at) that this poem contains as much morality as the *Ethic epistles*, or as much true philosophy as the *Anti-Lucretius*, we cannot help recommending it as an innocent *Badinage*, written with ease and spirit. We are glad to find that the author is, as Falstaff says, *not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men*. Dr. Akenfide has listened to the call of his friend, and † given us as a proof that he has not forgot his twofold engagements to Apollo.

ART.

\* The first seems to have been drawn from the celebrated picture of Achilles, where Cupids are represented as playing with the different parts of his armour: the latter was probably suggested to our author by the old story of Julius Cæsar, of whom it is said, that being bald, he covered his head with laurels.

† Aristippus in the beginning of this poem, calls him  
Twofold disciple of Apollo!



ART IV. Tombo-Chiqui: or, the American savage. A dramatic entertainment. In three acts. Price 1s. S. Hooper and A. Morley.

THIS entertainment opens with captain Clerimont giving directions to his servant about his embarkation for Ham-  
burgh, where he hopes to wed Sylvia, the daughter of Mr. Gold-  
ing, a wealthy merchant of that place, to whom he had been  
contracted before his voyage to America, whence he is but lately  
returned. Here we are given to understand, that he has imported  
an American savage, of excellent natural abilities, to whom the laws  
of society, as well as our manners, are entirely unknown. And  
Clerimont promises himself great entertainment, from observing  
how pure simple nature may work in him, from a knowledge of  
our arts and sciences. To this savage it should be noted, he owes  
his life, which he preserved at the time of a shipwreck. Cleri-  
mont's friend, Mirabel, meets him, and intreats him to be present  
at his nuptials, which are to be speedily celebrated between him  
and a lady just arrived from Germany. In the third scene we are in-  
troduced to *Tombo-Chiqui*, the American savage, who talks very  
rationally: his character seems to be that of uncorrupted integrity,  
such as Adam was before the fall. His ignorance and innocence  
are well pourtrayed. But the scene is too long; and though the  
language is lively, an English audience would fall asleep over it.  
There is a necessity of something infinitely stronger to rouse and  
entertain us. As he is gazing about him, he accidentally justles  
with Mr. Golding, who is crossing the stage with his wife and  
daughter. The oddity of his appearance engage them to converse  
with him. He tells them who he is, and falls in love with Violetta  
the maid, to whom he is allowed to make his addresses.

He next beats a Jew pedlar, and we shall transcribe the scenes.

‘A C T I. S C E N E VI.

‘*Tombo-chiqui. A Jew Pedlar.*

‘*Pedlar.* Sir, will you please to buy any thing?

‘*Tombo-chiqui.* Hey!

‘*Pedlar.* Will you have any of my wares; look at them: fine  
‘necklaces, stone-buckles, rings, seals? [He opens his box.

‘*Tombo-chiqui.* Why do you shew me all this?

‘*Pedlar.* That you may see if any thing pleases you?

‘*Tombo-chiqui.* And if any thing pleases me, will you part with it  
‘to me?

‘*Pedlar.* Gladly; I desire no better.

‘*Tombo-chiqui.* (aside) The captain was in the right, faith! he  
‘did not tell me a word of a lie. So you go about the country,  
‘carrying these fine things to see who will take them off your  
‘hands?

‘*Pedlar.* To be sure, Sir, I must needs do so.

‘Tombo-chiqui. Oh the good people these, the good people! and what a fine thing the laws are!

‘Pedlar. Please, Sir, to see what you like.

‘Tombo-chiqui. Well! so much goodness confounds me.

‘Pedlar. Have I any thing that pleases you?

‘Tombo-chiqui. Every thing there pleases me.

‘Pedlar. Well then, take every thing.

‘Tombo-chiqui. But then, I shall leave you nothing.

‘Pedlar. So much the better: we are never better pleased than when we get all our goods off our hands. (By his dress this is some ignorant foreigner, and I shall make a rare penny of him.)

‘Tombo-chiqui. You call yourself a pedlar then?

‘Pedlar. Yes.

‘Tombo-chiqui. I am glad I know the name of so honest a man. Here give me all then. It shall never be said I am not as free in taking as you are in giving. (Well! I can never thank the captain enough for bringing me amongst such a good sort of people.)

[He takes all.

‘Pedlar. But what will you give now?

‘Tombo-chiqui. I?—I have nothing to give you, and am very sorry for it; for I am naturally good-natured, though I do not know the laws.

‘Pedlar. This will not do for me: I must have sixty guineas.

‘Tombo-chiqui. May I perish if I have a single guinea, or know what a guinea is.

‘Pedlar. Return me my goods then.

‘Tombo-chiqui. Pooh! you are only in jest, sure.

‘Pedlar. There is no jesting in the matter: return me my goods, I say, or I will go and complain.

‘Tombo-chiqui. To whom, pray?

‘Pedlar. To a justice of peace.

‘Tombo-chiqui. What animal is that?

‘Pedlar. He is a man of worship, a man of authority, that sees the laws are executed, and those hanged who break them: do you mark that?

‘Tombo-chiqui. So that if you should break the laws, he would hang you too?

‘Pedlar. To be sure.

‘Tombo-chiqui. And nothing but right: by what I can see, the honesty of these people is not voluntary, it goes against the grain; they would not be honest but for fear of these same laws.

‘Pedlar. Come, Sir, I am in no jesting humor; pay me, or return me my goods.

‘Tombo-chiqui. May I perish if I know what you mean: “Pay me—give me my sixty guineas,”—what cursed nonsense is all that?

‘Pedlar. Was ever the like heard of?

‘Tombo-



‘Tombo-chiqui. What are you angry at? you came to offer me your goods in pure friendship, I took them to please you, and now forsooth! you put yourself into a passion with me? are not you ashamed of yourself?’

‘Pedlar. You are some rogue, and if you do not return me quickly what you have of mine, I will . . . . .’

‘Tombo-chiqui. Hold, there! if you do not get off the ground this instant, I will knock your brains out.’

‘Pedlar. How now? is this the way to pay people? thieves! robbers! (He goes to collar Tombo-chiqui, who beats him) help! murder!’

‘Tombo-chiqui. I must scalp the dog. (He puts his hand to his hatchet or tombyawuk, and the Pedlar runs away leaving his wig behind him.)’

‘S C E N E VII. Tombo-chiqui. (alone)’

‘Oh ho! what the devil is this? this head of hair is not natural . . . . ., as far as I can see, the people here are nothing of what they appear to be, and every thing is artificial amongst them, goodness, wisdom, wit, and even to the hair of their head. Faith! I begin to be afraid in good earnest, of living any longer amongst such animals. Let me go and find out the captain, to know of him what the meaning of all this is.’

Tombo-chiqui is taken up for this misbehaviour; but Clerimont meets and hinders his going to prison, making the pedlar and his followers amends for their trouble. The pedlar acknowledges he is satisfied. ‘But Sir, (says he) may be your savage is not yet content: that he might have nothing to reproach me with, I could wish to return him the beating I had of him very well.’

‘Tombo-chiqui. No; I will not take it back; when I give a thing, I give it, and for good: do you mark me?’

‘Const. (to Tombo-chiqui) Sir, I am your most humble servant.

[They go off.]

‘Tombo-chiqui. Go to the devil, you and yours.’

Tombo-chiqui now upbraids Clerimont for having brought him out of the land of sincerity, into a country where every thing is false and hollow; where he cannot believe even appearance, nor depend upon words. However, he promises to be content with living where he is, provided his friend will teach him how to say fine things to Violetta. The name alarms Clerimont; he knows her to be Sylvia’s maid; and thus discovers his mistress, and her father, to be in London. His voyage to Hamburg is thereby saved: but then he is rendered uneasy, at finding that the very German lady, to whom Mirabel is about to be married, is his mistress. Tombo-chiqui prevents him from fighting for her. *First*, says he, ask her whose throat of the two she would chuse to have cut; for if he that she loves is killed, continues he, the murderer, tho’ her lover, will be her detestation. The two friends, in consequence of this sensible obser-

observation, agree to visit her together, and to consent without murmuring to see her married to him whom she should chuse. And before they go off, Clerimont observes, that she had often formerly told him she loved him ; and her father approved the match ; but perhaps, says he, the reports of being stripped of all my substance by shipwreck, has influenced his sordid mind to change ; but my Sylvia is incapable of such a sentiment. There is some humour in the following scene, which will sufficiently excuse our quoting it.

‘ A C T III. S C E N E II.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui.*      *A Stranger.*

‘ *Stranger.* In this overwhelming distress of mine, solitude is my only refuge : here, at least, under these unfrequented shades, I may complain at liberty, of the injustice of mankind.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui.* That man seems vexed.

‘ *Stranger.* Happy ! a thousand times happy the savages, who simply follow the laws of nature, and have never heard of Coke upon Lyttleton, or of the *Praxis Curie Cancellariæ*.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui.* Ay ! this is a rational creature.—You are in the right, friend, you are all knaves or fools in this country.

‘ *Stranger.* What does the man want with me ?

‘ *Tombo-chiqui.* Tell me truth : I dare swear, you too have lately been in danger of hanging.

‘ *Stranger.* You are very impertinent, methinks ! I am no such person : hanging is not for a man like me.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui.* That is a good air, faith ! your betters are hanged every day : do you know, that I myself had like to have been tucked up, but just now ?

‘ *Stranger.* You ?

‘ *Tombo-chiqui.* Yes, I myself, in my own proper person.

‘ *Stranger.* I suppose there were good reasons for it then.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui.* They had no reasons, but such as pass in your country, that is to say, damned villainous ones. A rascal of a pedlar came to offer me his goods : I took them out of stark love and friendship, and he wanted me to give him money, forsooth ! I had none : at which he grew angry, and so did I too : in short, I payed him with a drubbing to his heart’s content. That is all the reasons they had, when the rogue went to fetch other rogues to take me up and hang me, and my business was done, if the captain had not rescued me out of their hands.

‘ *Stranger.* (aside) (I wanted but this to finish me. This must be a dressed-up footpad, who has his gang and some rogue he calls their captain at hand.)

‘ *Tombo-chiqui.* What are you muttering ?

‘ *Stranger.* I say, the pedlar was very much in the wrong.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui.* Without doubt he was : a greater rascal there could not exist.

‘ *Stranger.*



\* *Stranger.* Certainly, and you are in the right to be in a passion :  
\* for, let me tell you, it is no jesting matter to be hanged.

\* *Tombo-chiqui.* How, sdeath ! a jesting matter ? it is a damned  
\* serious one ; and when I think of it, I am in such a rage I can  
\* hardly contain myself.

\* *Stranger.* You should take care not to expose yourself to it  
\* again. Good bye, Sir.

\* *Tombo-chiqui.* Where are you going ?

\* *Stranger.* Just to join some company that is not far off.

\* *Tombo-chiqui.* No ! I will have you stay : I have something to  
\* say to you.

\* *Stranger.* I have not time to hear you.

\* *Tombo-chiqui.* You are like to find time then : for I will have it so,

\* *Stranger.* (aside) I shall be well off if it costs me no more than  
\* my purse.

\* *Tombo-chiqui.* Tell me, are you an honest man ?

\* *Stranger.* I profess myself one.

\* *Tombo-chiqui.* And how would you have me believe you, if you  
\* give me no securities ? for you are none of you in this country  
\* to be trusted without that : come, give me some, and we will  
\* talk afterwards.

\* *Stranger.* What do you mean ?

\* *Tombo-chiqui.* I say, feel in your pockets for them : there it is  
\* you put them.

\* *Stranger.* (aside) Yes ! yes ! his meaning comes out plain  
\* enough now : let me go off as well as I can.—I see, Sir, what  
\* you would be at : here is my purse, it is all I have.

\* *Tombo-chiqui.* Now, if any man was to ask the like of me I  
\* would kill him : for there needs no security be required of me :  
\* I am a man of honor, I.

\* *Stranger.* I see you are. Good bye, Sir.

[going.]

\* *Tombo-chiqui.* Stop.

\* *Stranger.* (aside) Again ? good heaven ! save me ; he is cer-  
\* tainly going to murder me, to make sure work.

\* *Tombo-chiqui.* Hang it, I am loth to deal with you in this man-  
\* ner, because you seem to me a good sort of man, and made ho-  
\* norable mention of the savages.

\* *Stranger.* Would to God I had been born amongst them ! I  
\* should not be exposed to all the evils that persecute me.

\* *Tombo-chiqui.* Nay then, take your securities back again : I will  
\* take your own word for your being an honest man, since you wish  
\* yourself a savage.

\* *Stranger.* But, Sir,—

\* *Tombo-chiqui.* Do you know that I am a savage, simple as I  
\* stand here ?

\* *Stranger.* You ?

\* *Tombo-chiqui.* Yes I.—I am but this very day come into your  
\* country, and within these few hours have heard and seen more  
\* absur-

‘ absurdities and follies than I should have learnt in a thousand  
‘ years in our forests.

‘ *Stranger*. Truly, I believe it.—(aside) God be praised, I breathe  
‘ free again !

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. Tell me then, what has vexed you ?

‘ *Stranger*. The loss of a law-suit.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. What beast is that you call a law-suit ?

‘ *Stranger*. It is no beast : but an affair I had to discuss with a  
‘ man.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. And what sort of an affair was it ?

‘ *Stranger*. It is an affair that is like—let me see, like—why  
‘ like a law-suit. (aside) I am devilishly at a loss how to explain to  
‘ him what a law-suit is.—You know I suppose we have laws in  
‘ this country.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. Yes.

‘ *Stranger*. These laws are administered by wise learned persons.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. Whom you call judges, do not you ?

‘ *Stranger*. Yes. Now if any one wrongs you of your property ;  
‘ you summon him before these judges, who examine your reasons  
‘ and his, that they may pronounce judgment between you : and  
‘ this is called a law-suit.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. Go on, now I understand what it is.

‘ *Stranger*. It is now ten years ago that I commenced a law-suit  
‘ against a man who had borrowed sixty guineas of me, and re-  
‘ fused to pay me, and I have just now lost it.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. Ten years ! a law-suit last ten years ! how can that be ?

‘ *Stranger*. From the various quirks of the law.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. What do mean by by quirks of the law ?

‘ *Stranger*. They are the mysteries of an art invented by law-  
‘ yers, to embroil the clearest cases imaginable, which become in-  
‘ comprehensible, after a solicitor and an attorney shall have  
‘ been at work upon them for six months.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. And pray what are a solicitor and an at-  
‘ torney ?

‘ *Stranger*. They are persons learned in the law, and versed in  
‘ its forms.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. Forms ! I don't know what that is.

‘ *Stranger*. Forms are the order in which things are presented to  
‘ the judge to avoid error.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. Oh ! that's very well. So that with these forms  
‘ there is no fear of error ?

‘ *Stranger*. On the contrary : these forms it is that often occa-  
‘ sion it.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. And why ?

‘ *Stranger*. Because it is from them lawyers derive all their powers  
‘ to embroil affairs.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. But since there are judges established to administer  
‘ justice, why do they not extirpate so iniquitous an art ?

‘ *Stranger*.



‘ *Stranger*. In the first place, because they have been originally lawyers themselves: and next, because those quirks are found in the law itself, which in those very forms it has provided for fencing error out, has in effect built a maze for justice itself to be lost in it, and her suitors to be devoured by the insatiable maw of her ministring dragons.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. I find then, that in this devilish country, your laws and your forms are as perplexed as your reason. But tell me; since the judges will not, or cannot correct this grievance, and since you know that these sollicitors and attornies embroil your affairs, why are you such fools as to suffer them to put their nose into them? ’Sdeath! if I were to have a law-suit, and any of those rascals were to touch it but with the tip of their little finger, I would knock their brains out.

‘ *Stranger*. It is not possible to do without them; they are necessary evils, being persons appointed by the laws, for the management of affairs that are carried before the judges; for you are not allowed to plead your own cause yourself.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. And why are not you allowed?

‘ *Stranger*. Because you have not studied the laws, and do not know the forms.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. What! because I do not know the art of embroiling my own cause, I must not plead it?

‘ *Stranger*. No.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. Do you hear me? I have a great mind to break your head for the reward of your impudence. Is it because I have returned you your securities that you are bantering me thus?

‘ *Stranger*. It is no banter, I assure you: what I tell you is but too true. The law, as things stand, is one of our greatest grievances. The poor cannot come at it for want of money, and those who have not much of it, are soon drained dry.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. What, do you give money too?

‘ *Stranger*. Certainly. You must always have it ready upon the nail, to satisfy the blood-suckers of the law: otherwise, justice stops her ears, and nothing goes on.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. The people of this country are be-deviled; they make money of every thing: they sell even justice.

‘ *Stranger*. Not quite. They make a show indeed of giving the substance of it for nothing: but the forms of it are so expensive, that the benefit of it is swallowed up, so that the forms run away with the substance: I have exhausted myself to support my law-suit, and I have this day lost it, through a flaw in the forms.

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. And are you sorry for that?

‘ *Stranger*. A pretty question truly!

‘ *Tombo-chiqui*. Then are you a greater fool than I took you for! you ought to rejoice at it.

‘ *Stranger*.

‘Stranger. Why?

‘Tombo-chiqui. Because you have got rid of a damn’d bad bargain, that you might have been glad to have lost ten years ago. As for me, if I had such a commodity, I would soon throw it into the river. But now I think on’t, did not you say your law-suit was an affair of sixty guineas?

‘Stranger. Yes.

‘Tombo-chiqui. I am sorry you have lost it then; for if you had it still, I would desire you to give it me. I would then go and look out for my rogue of a pedlar, who wanted sixty guineas of me for his goods, and give him your law-suit in payment, to punish him for the tricks he played me.

‘Stranger. You could not take a better revenge. Your reflections have relieved my vexations, and I am sorry my business hinders me from enjoying your conversation longer. Good bye, Sir. May you ever enjoy this innocence and simplicity!

‘Tombo-chiqui. Good bye—but hilt! a word with you: never, whilst you are in your senses, have any more law-suits.

‘S C E N E III. Tombo-chiqui. (alone)

‘A law-suit is a damned execrable thing! I am half afraid of stumbling upon one as I go along: but, since it depends on the having money, I have a clever trick for your lawyers and their forms: I will never have any thing; so that then there will be no solicitors or attornies, who will think it worth their while to embroil my affairs.

Tombo-chiqui next meets with his mistress, and his manner of courting her is very entertaining. Clerimont having now convinced Golding, that the reports of his ruin were premature, the match with Mirabel is set aside; Clerimont and Sylvia are married; and the savage is made happy in the arms of Violetta.

This piece is founded upon a French performance, called *Harlequin Sauvage*, the first plan of which was taken from nature.

‘The present essay (*says the author*) towards naturalizing this subject to our stage, was purely owing to an opinion of the merit of the original. How far justice may have been done it, the reader will pronounce, but he may be assured it is not published under the disgrace of rejection from our theatres, since it was never offered to them; and not impossibly he may, from the perusal, conclude, that the rightest thing that could be, was not to offer it.’

Tombo-chiqui is written with a spirit, which no where flags: there is a strain of pleasantry runs through the whole, which, in our opinion, would have ensured it success on the stage under the conduct of a Garrick. The style is easy, the sentiments natural, the rules of the drama well preserved, the catastrophe easily brought about; and though some of the scenes, which please well in the reading, would be too long in the representation, they might be easily cut.

ART. V.



ART. V. *Moral and critical reflections on several subjects. Among which (by way of illustration) various characters are occasionally interspersed. By the author of Emily. 12mo. Pr. 3s. Nobles.*

THERE is nothing so easy as collecting apothegms, or setting down reflections: every object will furnish a man that *thinks* with matter; but it is not every man that thinks, whose thoughts are worth communicating to the world. Few are possessed of the weight and solidity of *Rochefoucault*; the sprightliness and imagination of *La Bruyere*, the elegance and knowledge of *Greville*. We cannot say we found any of their perfections in the book before us. The writing is sometimes easy enough, but the subject only gleanings of common conversations, which there was but little merit in gathering, unless the author had some merit in employing thus some of his time which hung heavy on his hands; and had otherwise been entirely wasted. Indeed, as it is, he has employed it to little purpose. His reflections are none of them new; they want precision and order; and though ranked alphabetically, some of them that we find under A, might as well have been placed under X. ‘Ambition (*says he*) is an arbitrary passion; it scorns to be confined by the shackles of restraint, but usurps the soul, and with resistless force triumphs over all its calmer motions. As when a rapid river overflows its banks, and deluges the neighbouring fields, all the ponds, lakes, and rivulets it meets with in its course, are mingled together without distinction, and increase its impetuosity.’

And again, *ambition is a lust, which is always inflamed, but never quenched by enjoyment.* Might not these reflections be as justly applied to avarice, and many other passions: but I fear they are flung out *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch empty readers, as well as all the *fustian, bombast, and obscurity in verse and prose*, of which this writer complains. Of his own obscurity in prose, we shall anon have occasion to speak.

‘Poets (*says he*) who are desirous of rhyming themselves into fame, are often necessitated to sacrifice sense to sound, and to introduce unnecessary words, after a thought has been fully expressed.’

‘Rhyming poets, by endeavouring to charm our ears by the melody of their numbers, frequently give us mellifluous nonsense, and tinkling stupidity.’

You are mistaken, my friend, these are not poets, they are only verse writers; as you are a prose writer, who plague us with their eruptions, like one of the hornets of which you just now complained; and you shew yourself to be still more of this species, by your ineffectual attempt to sting the ingenious author of the essay on the life and writings of *Pope*.

‘Pope concludes his *Eloisa* to *Abelard*, with the eight following lines;

“ And

“ And sure if fate some future bard shall join  
 “ In sad similitude of griefs to mine,  
 “ Condemn’d, whole years, in absence to deplore,  
 “ And image charms he must behold no more ;  
 “ Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,  
 “ Let him our sad, our tender story tell ;  
 “ The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost ;  
 “ He best can paint them who can feel them most.”

\* These lines are particularly beautiful, because the situation of  
 \* his own mind is pathetically glanced at in them.—Pope had an  
 \* unsuccessful amour.

\* If the ingenious author of the Essay on his writings and genius  
 \* had been acquainted with this anecdote, he would not have cen-  
 \* sured them, I believe, so hastily and so severely.—Hear what he  
 \* says :”

“ With this line,

“ One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven !”

“ in my opinion, the poem should have ended ; for the eight addi-  
 “ tional ones concerning some poet, that haply might arise to  
 “ sing their misfortunes, are languid and flat, and diminish the  
 “ pathos of the foregoing sentiments. They might stand for the  
 “ conclusion of almost any story.”

\* Languid and flat, indeed, I think, is this remark, and every  
 \* reader, who has felt the pangs of disappointed love, will probably  
 \* be of my opinion.’

Languid and flat indeed is thy remark ; nor has it induced us to  
 retract our subscribing to that gentleman’s criticism, which we al-  
 ways looked upon to be just. Pope, you say, had an unsuccessful  
 amour ; this is pretty positive : but how come you at the knowledge  
 of this circumstance ? We can affirm his closest intimates were  
 strangers to it.

\* Pope in his Essay on man, with too much presumption, I  
 \* think, says ;’

“ For modes of faith let blinded zealots fight ;

“ His can’t be wrong whose life is in the right.”

\* A man may act right according to his own creed, but that  
 \* creed may be an erroneous one.

\* A rigid, bigotted papist acts right, as a papist, when he de-  
 \* stroys an heretick, because he thinks he is doing his duty ; but  
 \* who will say he as right acts a human creature ?”

This is a very false criticism ; Pope does not here affirm that a  
 man is *right*, who acts up to a particular creed of his own. He  
 means by *right* that moral life which will be allowed right by every  
 body ; the term is general, and not in the least intended as parti-  
 cular or confined. Nor is there more truth in what this author  
 affirms about a papist : the ten commandments are as strongly re-  
 commended in the popish church as in ours ; and the murderer of  
 an English protestant would be as soon punished with the severest  
 torture



torture in Rome, as that of a popish Italian. Nor would he who murders a dissenter from popery, act right as a papist in so doing, because every honest papist would condemn him. Affirmations of this nature prove strongly a want of knowledge of life, an illiberal cast of mind, indulged only by the lower class of people.

‘ The tragedy of Cato abounds with noble sentiments elegantly expressed, but it is the cold production of a poet, not the animated performance of a genius! there is too much declamation, and too little passion in it.’

This is the first time we ever heard that a man could be a poet without genius; or that declamation and want of passion were characteristics of poetry. Coolness and declamation are talents of an orator; but a poet must have spirit, animation, the true parnassian fire: this fire possesses some poets more strongly than others; and Addison did not perhaps feel it in the highest degree; but had he not felt it in some measure, he had never been named as a poet.

‘ Some are of so delicate a structure, that a strong dose of sound morality, and a cathartic of religion, turn their brains, and make them light-headed: they stare like a second-sighted Scot, and, like him, see things invisible by the sober eye of reason purged from the films of fancy.’

What a *cathartic* of nonsense here is! Who ever heard of invisible things *seen* by the sober eye of reason, purged from the films of fancy? Hence we are to infer, that the second-sighted Scot, and hypocondriacs are the most reasonable men.

‘ The author of a pamphlet \* on natural and artificial society, (lately printed) is much to blame, I think, for endeavouring to make the first more eligible than the last; and is guilty too of ingratitude, because he has been enabled, by the advantages he has received from artificial society, to write so fluently and severely against it.’

This it is to read without judgment; the author of that pamphlet meant it only to prove, that the worst subject may be supported by power of argument, and fine writing; of both of which he has given us elegant specimens, not only there, but in his elaborate and ingenious *philosophical enquiry into the origin of our ideas of the sublime and beautiful*, a work alone sufficient to rank the author of it among the first of writers. †

The ensuing observations have some merit:

‘ To bestow a benefit without any interested views, is to do good in the most pleasurable manner.

‘ Extravagance is very often mistaken for beneficence. If a man distresses himself or his family, in order to be extolled for

\* See this pamphlet mentioned in vol. i. p. 420 of this Review.

† This work was printed for Doddsley. See our character of it in vol. iii. p. 361.

‘ his liberality, he may be called profuse, but not surely beneficent.

‘ A man of a truly beneficent disposition will not spend a shilling imprudently.

‘ He who can please himself with seeing his name glittering on the wall of an hospital or a church, whilst his family are groaning under the gripe of poverty, without raiment and without food, is not laudably charitable, but vain-gloriously liberal, and ostentatiously munificent: not actuated by prudence and philanthropy, but prompted by folly and pride.

‘ Beneficence consists not in the number, but in the prudent distribution of our pecuniary favours.’

‘ When Barry, in the character of Hotspur, talks of “ diving into the bottom of the sea,” and “ pulling up drowned honour by the locks,” three parts of the house make their hands sore, because he opens his mouth from ear to ear, in order to be clapped into celebrity. But if Ryan should thunder out those bombastic expressions with his unharmonious voice, he would soon be hissed into silence.’

What a ridiculous figure does *he* cut, who attempts to be severe without wit or capacity? What a turgid nothingness is there in this sentence? And why must *poor Barry* be abused; or honest Ryan belied? This noted passage in *Harry the IVth.* part the first, is seldom taken much notice of; and he who would attempt hissing Ryan in any thing, if in the gallery, would deservedly run a hazard of being thrown over, even though it were our author himself with all his *celebrity*.

The following observations are worth being taken notice of:

‘ The injudicious freedoms which people take with each other in public, are great checks to the perpetuity of friendship.

‘ Men of bright parts will say rude things to their most intimate companions, at the most improper seasons, and in the most improper places. They will expose their foibles and satirize their vices before those from whom they wish chiefly to conceal them.

‘ These sparklers, these fellows of wit and fire, who would rather make a man of worth their foe, than curb the sallies of a lively imagination, are the pests of conversation and society, the harmony of which they frequently interrupt by ill-natured conceits, and ill-timed merriment.

‘ Those who have a constant even disposition to please and to be pleased; who are desirous to point out the good, and to throw a veil over the bad qualities of their relations, their friends, and their acquaintance; whose gaiety is free from buffoonery, whose wit is free from gall, and whose learning is without pedantry; who neither hide their talents through sullenness, nor display them with an air of insolence and triumph: those only are the



‘ men with whom we may pass our days with safety and satisfaction, with profit and with pleasure.’

‘ Many vicious habits become incorrigible, because they are not corrected in their infancy ; the only time when they can be corrected with ease.

‘ All customs gradually rise to confirmed habits, and from ill habits the transition is easy to vices : they are very stubborn, and never, without the greatest difficulty, to be removed.’

‘ An Englishman generally means by liberty, the privilege of playing the fool as often as he pleases ; and of making himself as much an object of ridicule as he can in his own favourite way.’

We would recommend to this author, rather to cultivate novel than moral writing. His *Emily* was a performance that gave us pleasure ; but we cannot say so much for this *chaotic* jumble ; in which the reflections want novelty, and all the thoughts have been much better expressed in other writers. The characters are far from having merit. The specimens of criticisms that we meet with here are but few, but they are however sufficient to shew us, that the writer is no critic. He has not been charmed with the inimitable acting of Garrick in *Lear* and *Richard III.* these seven years, or he would not have tried to fling upon him a stale censure, to which he is certainly superior, copied from a book called the *Actor*. We shall conclude the character of this book with a quotation from its 55th page ; *The author of it discovers his shallowness by venting a multitude of pompous expressions, and injudicious reflections.*

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ART. VI. *The Handmaid to the Arts, teaching, I. A perfect knowledge of the materia pictoria : or the nature, use, preparation, and composition of all the various substances employed in painting. II. The several devices employed for the more easily and accurately making designs from nature, or depicted representations. III. The various manners of gilding, silvering, and bronzing, japanning, and of staining different kinds of substances with all the several colours. 8vo. Price 5 s. Nourse.*

THE author dedicates his work to the society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce ; and in a sensible preface justifies his undertaking in the following words : ‘ It may probably be imagined, that the ends proposed by this treatise may be answered by the writings of others already published : as there is more than one book in our own language, which pretend to plans not greatly different from that on which it is formed ; besides a multiplicity of others that profess to teach particular arts : but on a closer examination I am afraid it will

‘ by no means be found, that all the volumes which have been  
 ‘ compiled on these heads taken together, and much less any single  
 ‘ one of the number, have effectually provided the information  
 ‘ wanted, or even gone any considerable lengths towards it. One  
 ‘ could scarcely believe, nevertheless, without having perused them,  
 ‘ that almost every book already written on these subjects so generally  
 ‘ interesting, should be egregiously defective in matter, form, and  
 ‘ veracity; and yet this is almost equally the case of all where they  
 ‘ are treated of in a more copious and extensive manner. But it  
 ‘ will appear less extraordinary when we find, that the authors were  
 ‘ for the most part unacquainted in an experimental way with  
 ‘ what they took upon them to teach, and not better qualified with  
 ‘ any speculative knowledge that could enable them to judge cri-  
 ‘ tically of what they procured on the authority of others, and  
 ‘ therefore either blindly copied after former writers, or added im-  
 ‘ plicitly such additional articles as the reports of living persons  
 ‘ they inquired of furnished them with; and were perhaps as often  
 ‘ deceived by the design as the ignorance of those from whom they  
 ‘ sought information; being themselves possibly not always very  
 ‘ solicitous, so much about the value as the quantity of what they  
 ‘ collected.”

The author then enumerates the deficiencies, redundancies and falsities in Neri, Caneparius, Merret, Kunkel, and in the *Polygraphices* of Salmon, and the School of Arts, and declares that the pretensions of those ostentatious works the Cyclopedias, and Encyclopedias, and other such dictionaries, to accuracy and fulness, are but very ill founded. He likewise informs us, that he has examined the famous *Encyclopedie*, or *Dictionnaire Raisonné*, now publishing in France, where he was surprised to find, that several articles concerning arts, in which the French have the superiority, were entirely omitted: ‘ and that in others recipes, or other passages,  
 ‘ taken from some of the old books with the most injudicious  
 ‘ choice, supplied the place of the just account of the improved  
 ‘ methods obtained from the ablest practitioners of the several  
 ‘ arts, which, in the proposals for that work, were promised to  
 ‘ have been given.’

The author divides his first part into thirteen chapters, which treat of the substances in general used in painting; of colours; of the vehicles, dryers, and other substances used in painting, for the laying on and binding the colours; of the manner of compounding, and mixing the colours with their proper vehicles, for each kind of painting; of the nature and preparation of pastils or crayons; of the grounds for the several kinds of painting; of the methods of varnishing and preserving pictures and paintings; of mending and cleaning pictures and paintings; of the nature, preparation, and use, of the several substances employed in enamel painting; of the method of painting on glass by burning, or with transparent colours



lours that vitrify ; of gilding enamel and glass by burning ; of the taking off mezzotinto prints on glass ; and painting upon them with oil, or varnish colours ; of colouring or washing maps, prints, &c.

In the article of mending pictures we are surprised, the author has omitted to take notice of a method lately invented, and said to be practised with success : namely, of entirely renewing the cloth without damaging the picture. As some of our readers may perhaps have an inclination to clean their own pictures, we shall insert our author's instructions on this article.

‘ As a painting may be, however, fouled with a variety of different kinds of matter, many of which will not be dissolved, or suffer their texture to be destroyed by the same substances, it is necessary to know what will dissolve or corrode each such kind ; for there is no other means of removing, or taking off any foulness, than by dissolving or corroding by some proper menstruum the matter which constitutes it ; except by actual violence ; which the tender nature of oil paintings by no means suffers them to bear. Of these substances, which will remove, by dissolving or corroding it, the matter which may foul paintings, some are very apt, likewise, to act upon and dissolve the oil in the painting itself ; and consequently to disorder or bring off the colours ; while others are, on the contrary, passive and innocent, with respect to the painting ; and may be used freely, or indeed in any quantity whatever, without the least inconvenience of this kind.

‘ As paintings to be cleaned are likewise varnished with a variety of substances of different natures, which sometimes require to be taken off, and at other times are much better left remaining, it is very necessary to be able to judge what is best to be done in this point ; as likewise to know the means by which each sort of varnish may be taken off without injury to the painting : for, in fact, without this, there is no way of cleaning pictures in some circumstances ; but by scouring till, as well the surface of the picture, as the foulness, be cleared away. I shall therefore first give some account of the nature of the substances, which are, or may be used for cleaning paintings in oil, as it regards this application of them ; and then shew, how they may be used as well for the taking off the varnish, as the removing any foulness, that may lie either upon or under it.

‘ The first, and most general substance used for cleaning pictures, is water. This will remove many kinds of glutinous bodies, and foulness arising from them ; such as sugar, honey, glue, and many others, and also take off any varnish of gum arabic, glair of eggs, and isinglass ; and is therefore the greatest instrument in this work. It may be used without any caution with regard to the colours ; as it will not, in the least, affect the oil which holds them together.

‘Olive oil, or butter, though not applied to this purpose, thro’ an ignorance of their efficacy, will remove many of those spots or foulness which resist even sope; as they will dissolve or corrode pitch, resin, and other bodies of a like kind, that otherwise require spirit of wine and oil of turpentine, which endanger the painting: and they may be used very freely, not having the least effect on the oil of the painting.

‘Wood-ashes, or what will better answer the purpose, when used in a proper proportion, pearl-ashes, being melted in water, make a proper dissolvent for most kinds of matter which foul paintings: but they must be used with great discretion, as they will touch or corrode the oil of the painting, if there be no varnish of the gum resins over it, so as to render the colours liable to be injured by very little rubbing. The use of them or sope, is, however, in many cases unavoidable, and in general they are the only substances employed for this purpose.

‘Sope is much of the same nature with the last mentioned substances; being indeed only oil incorporated with salts of the same kinds, rendered more powerfully dissolvent by means of quick-lime: for which reason it is something more efficacious; but consequently more hazardous; as it will the sooner get hold of the oil of the paintings. It should, therefore, not be used but on particular spots, that elude all other methods; and there with great caution.

‘Spirit of wine, as it will dissolve all the gums and gum resins, except gum arabic, is very necessary for the taking off from pictures varnishes composed of such substances: but it corrodes also the oils of the paintings; and softens them in such manner, as makes all rubbing dangerous while they are under its influence.

‘Oil of turpentine will, likewise, dissolve some of the gums used for varnish: but spirit of wine will in general much better answer that purpose. There are, however, sometimes spots of foulness, which will give way to spirit of turpentine, that resist most other substances used in this intention: and it may, therefore, be tried where they appear to fail, but very sparingly, and with great caution; as it will very soon act even on the dry oil of the painting.

‘Essence of lemons has the same powers as oil of turpentine: but is, moreover, a much stronger dissolvent; and should, therefore, only be used in desperate cases, where spots seem indelible with regard to all other methods. Spirit of lavender and rosemary, and other essential oils, have the same dissolving qualities as essence of lemons; but they are in general dearer; and some of them too powerful to be trusted near the colours.

‘Whenever paintings are varnished with gum arabic, glair of eggs, or isinglass, the varnish should be taken off when they are to be cleaned. This may be easily distinguished by wetting any part



part of the painting, which will feel clammy, if varnished with any substance dissolvable in water. In such cases, the taking off the varnish will frequently alone render the painting intirely clean; for if it have been laid on thick, and covered the surface every where, the foulness must necessarily lye upon it. The manner of taking off this kind of varnish must be done by means of hot water and a sponge; the picture or painting being laid horizontally. The water may be near boiling-hot; and may be used copiously at first with the sponge: but when the varnish appears to be softened, and the painting more naked, it should be used cooler; and, if the varnish adhere, so as not to be easily brought off by a sponge, a gentle rubbing with a linen cloth may be used; the cloth being frequently wrung; and wet again with fresh water a little warmish.

Where paintings appear by the above trial to be varnished with the gum-resins, or such substances as cannot be dissolved in water, it is proper, nevertheless, to wash them well with water pretty warm, by means of a sponge; which will sometimes be alone sufficient to clean them, even in this case: but if there yet appear any foulness, rub the painting over with olive oil made warm, or butter; and if any parts appear smeary, or any foulness seem to mix with the oil or butter, pursue the rubbing gently; taking off the foul oil, and adding fresh till all such foulness be wholly removed. Let the oil be then wiped off with a woollen cloth, and if the picture require further cleaning, the wood-ashes, or pearl-ashes, must be used in the following manner; which, indeed, as to the first part is not widely different from the method commonly used.

“ Take an ounce of pearl-ashes, and dissolve them in a pint of water: or take two pounds of wood-ashes, and add to them three quarts of water, and stir them well in the water once or twice in an hour for half a day; and then, when the earthy part of the ashes has subsided, pour off the clear fluid, and evaporate it to a quart; or if it appear acrid to the taste at that time, three pints may be left. Wash by means of a sponge the painting well with either of these solutions, or lyes (which are in fact the same thing) made warm; and rub any particular spots of foulness gently with a linen cloth till they disappear: but if they appear to remain unchanged by the lye, do not endeavour to take them off by meer force of rubbing; for that would infallibly damage the colours under the spots before they could be removed: but in this case they should be left to be tried by the spirit of wine, or the essential oils of turpentine and lemons. Where thick spots seem to give way in part, but yet resist in a great degree to this lye, a little strong sope-suds may, in some cases, be used, if with great caution: but it should be prevented as much as possible, from touching any part of the painting, except the spot itself: and, as that disappears, the

“ sope should be diluted with water, that it may not reach the oil  
 “ of the colours in its full strength. If, however, all this be  
 “ done upon a strong coat of varnish, there will be less hazard ;  
 “ and, in such cases, the washing freely with the wood-ash lye, or  
 “ weak sope-suds, will frequently do the business effectually with-  
 “ out any material damage : but it requires some judgment  
 “ to know where paintings may be so freely treated ; and, with  
 “ respect to those of great value, it is always best to proceed by  
 “ more circumspect methods ; and to try the more secure means I  
 “ have above directed, before these rougher be used.”

‘ Some use the wood-ashes with the addition of water only, with-  
 ‘ out separating the solution of the salts from the earth ; which,  
 ‘ when so used, assists in scrubbing the foulness from the paint-  
 ‘ ing : but all such practices are to be condemned ; as the finer  
 ‘ touches of the painting are always damaged in a greater or less  
 ‘ degree, where any abrading force is employed in cleaning it.

‘ Where spots appear, after the use of all the above mentioned  
 ‘ methods, spirits of wine, or, if that fail, oil of turpentine, and  
 ‘ in the further case of its default, essence of lemons, must be ap-  
 ‘ plied. The spots should be lightly moistened with them ; avoid-  
 ‘ ing to suffer them to touch any more of the surface than what is  
 ‘ covered with the foulness ; and the part should be immediately  
 ‘ rubbed with a linen cloth, but very gently ; observing at the  
 ‘ same time to desist, if the colours appear the least affected.  
 ‘ After a little rubbing olive oil should be put on the spot, where  
 ‘ oil of turpentine and essence of lemons are used ; and water  
 ‘ where spirit of wine is applied ; which being taken off by a  
 ‘ woollen cloth, if the foulness be not wholly removed, but ap-  
 ‘ pears to give way, the operation must be repeated till it be in-  
 ‘ tirely obliterated.

‘ Where paintings appear to have been varnished with those sub-  
 ‘ stances that will not dissolve in water, and after the careful  
 ‘ use of the above means the foulness still continues, or where, as  
 ‘ is very often found, the turbidness, or want of transparency or  
 ‘ the yellow colour of the varnish, deprave the painting so as to  
 ‘ destroy its value, such varnish must be taken off. The doing of  
 ‘ which, though attended with the greatest difficulty to those who  
 ‘ proceed by the methods now in use, and which indeed is seldom  
 ‘ done by them at all, but with the destruction of the more deli-  
 ‘ cate tints and touches of the painting, is yet very easily and  
 ‘ safely practicable by the following method.

“ Place the picture or painting in an horizontal situation ; and  
 “ moisten, or rather flood, by means of a sponge, the surface  
 “ with very strong rectified spirit of wine ; but all rubbing more  
 “ than is necessary to spread the spirit over the whole surface must  
 “ be avoided. Keep the painting thus moistened, by adding  
 “ fresh quantities of the spirit for some minutes : then flood  
 “ the



“ the whole surface copiously with cold water ; with which, likewise, the spirit, and such part of the varnish as it has dissolved, may be washed off. But in this state of it, all rubbing, and the slightest violence on the surface of the painting, would be very detrimental. When the painting is dry, this operation must be repeated at discretion, till the whole of the varnish be taken off.”

‘ In pictures and paintings, which have been long varnished, it will be found sometimes, that the varnish has been a composition of linseed oil, or some other substantial oil, with gums and resins. If such paintings cannot be brought to a tolerable state, by any of the above mentioned means, which may in this case be freely used, the mischief may be deemed to be without remedy. For it is absolutely impracticable to take off such a varnish, as it is more compact and indissoluble than the oil of the painting itself ; and could only be wrought upon by those menstrua and dissolvents, which would act more forcibly on the paintings : such pictures must, therefore, be left in the state they are found ; except by being freed from any foulness that may lie upon this varnish ; and may be cleared away by the methods we have before directed. The coat of this varnish may, indeed, be sometimes made thinner by anointing the surface of the painting with essence of lemons ; and then putting on olive oil, which, when rubbed off, by a soft woollen cloth, will carry away the essence with such part of the varnish as it may have dissolved : but this requires great nicety ; and can never be practised without some hazard of disordering the colours of the painting.’

We could have wished to have seen in this part an account of enamelling with wax of different colours, which is mentioned by Pliny to have been practised by the Romans, and has lately been revived in France.

The author acknowledges that the compositions used by the Chinese as paints, are not hitherto revealed on any good authority. He thinks that Indian ink is the preparation of the coal of fish-bones, or some vegetable substance, mixed with isinglass size, or other size, and with honey or sugar-candy to prevent its cracking. He gives us the following receipt for making a substance of the same nature : “ Take of isinglass six ounces, reduce it to a size, by dissolving it over the fire in double its weight of water. Take then of Spanish liquorice one ounce ; and dissolve it also in double its weight of water ; and grind up with it an ounce of genuine ivory black. Add this mixture to the size while hot ; and stir the whole together till all the ingredients be thoroughly incorporated. Then evaporate away the water in *balneo marie*, and cast the remaining composition into leaden moulds greased ; or make it up in any other form.”

We

We have somewhere read that the coal of apricot and peach stones, is the chief ingredient of Indian ink.

Part II. treats of the several arts used in making outline sketches of designs from nature, or depicted representations; and of the means of taking casts and impressions from figures, busts, medals, leaves, &c. The author we think has here studied conciseness too much, and has thereby rendered his instructions frequently obscure. The length and intricacy of his periods likewise distract the attention of the reader, who would have been informed with much more ease and distinctness, if the author had imitated the writers on perspective, and illustrated his precepts with drawings.

In Part III. which treats of gilding, &c. and of staining different kinds of substances, with all the variety of colours, the author has omitted to describe the method of marbled paper, which we think would have fallen very properly under the article of staining. His treatise would likewise have been more compleat, if he had allotted an article to treat of the colours and compositions used in dying, and given some instructions regarding sculpture and carving. The work is judiciously, and, we believe, accurately compiled, and may be of great service to painters, gilders, and japanners, as also to the country virtuosi, who love to be daubing, and to ladies of fancy, who amuse themselves with the pencil.

ART. VII. *Several discourses preached at the Temple-church.* By Thomas Sherlock, D. D. late master of the Temple, now lord bishop of London. Vol. IV. 8vo. Pr. 5s. Whiston and White.

**D**R. Sherlock, the present bishop of London, is one of those illustrious few whose merit is universally acknowledged: the writings with which he hath already obliged the world are a sufficient testimony of his distinguished abilities. His three volumes of sermons lately published are inferior to none; perhaps superior to all we have yet seen. His style is animated, nervous, and pathetic. His arguments are for the most part irresistible, and his eloquence to the last degree persuasive. He never attempts to move our passions before he has first convinced our reason; and seems above all those little arts and ornaments which most of our modern preachers make use of to gain attention and applause: in these sermons we meet with no quaintness or affectation; no declamatory parade; no florid trifling or pompous imagery; all is plain, simple and manly, like the religion he explains, and the faith he professeth. The volume before us is at least equal to any of the other three; it contains fourteen sermons on subjects of the utmost concern and importance to us. From a book so universally read long quotations are unnecessary: for the satisfaction, however, of those amongst our readers who have not seen it, we will



will extract a passage or two from his lordship's sixth discourse, on these words :

' But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, Who is my neighbour ?' Luke x. 29. In the beginning of this excellent sermon his lordship very judiciously observes, that the ' precepts of the law and of the gospel being conceived in general terms, and expressed in the most easy and familiar manner, men of speculative minds, whose business is rather inquiry than practice, have taken so much pains to adjust the limitations and restrictions which they conceive to be applicable to the general rule, that in many cases the duty has been lost in the explication; and the precept has been so pared and cut to the quick by exceptions, that it is no longer of any use or service in common life.

' The law of God commands us to love our neighbours as ourselves; the interpretation of which will better come from our hearts than our heads; for we cannot help feeling the sense of our duty as long as we attend to the motions of nature within ourselves: our own wants and infirmities will shew us the matter and the extent of our obedience; and self-love will direct us in the practice and execution: but when men come to speculate upon the point, and to define the exact bounds of love, and to determine nicely how far the notion of neighbourhood is to be extended, the event too commonly is, that there is but very little love left to be disposed of among our neighbours, and, that it may the better hold out, but very few neighbours left to share in our love. Call a covetous man to the exercise of this duty in an instance of charity; shew him a man oppressed with poverty and hunger, cloathed in rags, and destitute of all the comforts and supports of life, and bid him love this poor wretch as himself: he will tell you, perhaps, the law is excellent and good, and he does love the man, and pities his misfortunes; but he has nothing to spare: he is not obliged to love another better than himself; and therefore it is unreasonable to expect that he should straighten and pinch himself to enlarge the conveniences of others: he grudges him no degree of love, and heartily wishes him at ease and in plenty; but cannot afford any thing towards it out of his little. Or perhaps he will question upon what title this man pretends to be his neighbour: he is sure he never saw him before, nor ever heard that he lived near him; and if every body that will may claim to be his neighbour, there will be no end of it; and he may soon give his neighbours all he has, if every one that begs must be his neighbour. There is room in all other instances of our duty for the like subterfuges; and as long as men find comfort in such excuses for their negligence and disobedience, they will never want invention to furnish them.

' It may seem strange perhaps (says the bishop) that the laws of God should be liable to this usage; since, being the transcript of perfect wisdom, and the work of him who not only knows  
' but

‘but foresees the secrets of all hearts, we might expect to find  
 ‘them so guarded and fenced about, and made so plain and ex-  
 ‘press in all cases, that it should have been in no man’s power  
 ‘to question the sense or meaning of the precept, or to cover his  
 ‘iniquity with the least umbrage of an excuse drawn from the in-  
 ‘terpretation of holy scripture: but there are very good reasons  
 ‘to be given why the law of God is not so explicit and particular.  
 ‘Were the scripture to descend into the consideration of all cases,  
 ‘and to state the exact bounds of our duty in all possible circum-  
 ‘stances of life, we might say perhaps, without being much be-  
 ‘holden to a figure of speech, that the world itself could not con-  
 ‘tain the things that should be written. A law extending itself to  
 ‘such variety of cases and circumstances would be altogether use-  
 ‘less, and men might grow old in sin and iniquity before they  
 ‘could possibly learn their duty, or extract the rules proper for  
 ‘their own use out of the infinite variety of laws, many of which  
 ‘have no respect to them or their circumstances.

‘Further, a law descending to every particular case would be  
 ‘of no manner of service in correcting the evil complained of:  
 ‘it is the perverseness of the will, and not the weakness of the  
 ‘understanding, that teaches men the evasions of the law: were  
 ‘the law more explicit, they would only take more pains to get  
 ‘rid of its obligations; for the plainness of the law will do but  
 ‘little in correcting the malignity of the will, which yet is the  
 ‘only thing that stands in need of an improvement.’

His lordship having previously remarked, that interpreters are  
 not agreed in the meaning of the former part of the text—*But he,*  
*willing to justify himself, said,* proposes to us an interpretation  
 which seems to him (and we believe will seem so to every one else)  
 to be the true, because it is the most easy and natural exposition  
 of the place.

‘This lawyer (says he) came to our Lord, and, tempting him,  
 ‘said, *What shall I do to inherit eternal life?* Our Lord returns him  
 ‘to the law for an answer to his question, saying, *What readest thou?*  
 ‘He readily answered, That in the law he found that he was to  
 ‘love the Lord his God with all his might, and his neighbour as him-  
 ‘self. This account our Saviour approves, and says unto him,  
 ‘*Thou hast answered right;* and adds, that, if he would practise the  
 ‘law as well as he seemed to understand it, he was in no danger:  
 ‘*This do, and thou shalt live.* But in this part, relating to practice,  
 ‘the lawyer well knew how this precept in particular, of loving  
 ‘our neighbours, had been loaded with exceptions and limitations  
 ‘by the Jewish doctors, and that he had never esteemed any body  
 ‘to be his neighbour who was not of the same blood, and who  
 ‘did not profess the same religion with himself; for which reason  
 ‘he hated many, who, according to the letter, were his neigh-  
 ‘bours, as the Samaritans were, who dwelt very near, but were  
 ‘the aversion of every Jew, being esteemed as the corruptors of  
 ‘the



‘ the faith and true religion. Since therefore life eternal depended upon his obedience to the law, as he had heard from our Saviour; and since whether his obedience were such as it ought to be depended wholly upon the Jewish interpretation of the law, and could no otherwise be maintained than by excluding from the rights and privileges of neighbourhood all who were not of the stock and faith of Israel; in order therefore to his own justification he very properly puts the question to our Lord, *And who is my neighbour?* for as this question should be resolved, he would be found either to have fulfilled or transgressed the commandment. Had our Lord determined in favour of the Jewish interpretation, and told him that those only were his neighbours who were of the same stock and family, and who worshipped God in the same manner that he did, the lawyer had been justified in his practice, and his obedience might have deserved commendation, as well as his prudent answer out of the law had done before: but, when our Saviour had forced him into a confession that even the Samaritan was his neighbour, he stood condemned by his own sentence, and by the example of the Samaritan which he had approved, and was sent away with this short but full reproof and admonition; *Go, and do thou likewise.*

‘ The words thus expounded shew us upon what motives men act, and what it is that prejudices their minds in the interpretation of God’s law: they are willing to justify themselves; and therefore employ all their force and skill to make the command countenance their practice, and to speak such language only as may be consistent with their inclinations. When our actions are such as the law enjoins, when we do what is commanded, and forbear what is forbidden, then is our obedience perfect. This is so plain a description of obedience, with respect to the law which is to be obeyed, that it cannot be disputed. A truly virtuous man endeavours to bend all his passions and inclinations towards the command, and to make them entirely submissive to it. The man who loves not his duty is often uneasy and restless under the pain of self-condemnation; and, knowing that all would be well, did but his actions and the law agree, he labours to bend the law towards his inclinations, that it may justify him in all his doings, and yield him the pleasure and satisfaction of thinking himself righteous.’

‘ In the second part of this discourse, his lordship explains in a very ingenious manner the case of the good Samaritan. ‘ The question (says he) was asked by the lawyer out of a desire to justify himself: he had learned to call no man neighbour who was not of the same stock and religion with himself: Samaritans he expressly hated, and justified his hatred, because they were deserters from the true worship, and despisers of the temple which was in Jerusalem. This great error our Lord was to wrest from him, which was not to be done by battling his prejudices,

‘ and

'and arguing upon the true sense and meaning of the law: the  
 'lawyer, not unaccustomed to such exercise, would have held up  
 'the dispute, and stood resolute against any such convictions: our  
 'Saviour therefore put him a case, and states it so, that his pre-  
 'judices were all shut out, and could have no influence in the de-  
 'termination: a Jew therefore is put into the place of distress: *A*  
 '*certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among*  
 '*thieves.* Here could be no exception taken against the person.  
 'Had the Samaritan been placed in the same case, and his cala-  
 'mities painted in the most moving colours, he would have found  
 'no pity from the Jew, who would have excepted to his religion,  
 'and thought himself very much in the right to have been an  
 'enemy to the enemy of God: but when one of his nation was  
 'represented in misery, he saw reason in every thing that was  
 'done for his relief. A priest and a Levite are said to pass by and  
 'neglect him: these persons stood in all those relations to the  
 'distressed, which the lawyer owned to be the just bonds and ties  
 'of neighbourhood: they were of his kindred, and they met at  
 'the same altar to worship the same God: he could not therefore  
 'but condemn their want of bowels to their brother. A Samaritan  
 'is represented as passing by, and shewing the greatest tenderness  
 'and compassion to the poor Jew: this could not but be approved:  
 'even the prejudice of the lawyer carried him in these circum-  
 'stances to a right judgment; for, knowing how inveterately the  
 'Jew hated the Samaritan, he could not but the more admire and  
 'approve the Samaritan's kindness to the Jew. Upon this case  
 'our Lord put him to determine which was neighbour to the man  
 'in distress; or, which is the same thing, which of the three  
 'acted most agreeably to the law of God, commanding that we  
 'should *love our neighbour as ourself*: The lawyer answers, *He that*  
 '*shewed mercy*; confessing that the Samaritan had fulfilled the law;  
 'which was condemning the Jewish exposition, and his own pre-  
 'judices: for if a Jew was rightly forbidden to shew kindness to  
 'a Samaritan, because of the difference in religion between them,  
 'the same reason made it unlawful for a Samaritan to assist a Jew.  
 'Our Saviour approves his judgment, and bids him only apply it  
 'to himself, *Go thou, and do likewise*; that is, since you commend  
 'the Samaritan for acting like a neighbour to the Jew, do you  
 'learn to act like a neighbour to the Samaritan: for this is the  
 'true force of the word *likewise*. For a Jew to be kind to a Jew  
 'only, is not to do like the good Samaritan, who was kind, not  
 'to a Samaritan only, but to a Jew also. And thus you see the  
 'case led to a full determination of the question proposed, and  
 'shewed that no restrictions were to be laid upon the law of God;  
 'that even those whom he accounted as his worst enemies, the  
 'very Samaritans, were entitled to the benefit of it, and ought to  
 'be treated with the love and kindness which is due to our neigh-  
 'bours.'

We



We cannot conclude this quotation without giving our readers the excellent moral inferences which his lordship draws from the words of the text at the end of this discourse.

‘First (says he) it is evident that the true art of convincing any man of his error is to throw him as much as possible out of the case; for, the less a man is concerned himself, the better he judges. You are not to stir and fret his prejudices, but to decline them; not to reproach him with the error you condemn, but to place the error at a sufficient distance from him, that he may have a true light to view it in.

‘Secondly, in private life, it is plain from hence, that innocence is the only true preservative of reason and judgment: guilt will dispose you to seek excuses and subterfuges, and mislead you in your opinion of yourself and your duty. When once you find yourself labouring to justify your actions, and searching for expositions that may suit your inclinations, from that moment you may date your loss of freedom.

‘Thirdly, If you find yourself involved in the case you are to judge of, instead of seeking for new reasons and arguments to form your opinion by, you had much better look back, and reflect what sense you had of this matter before the cause was your own; for it is ten to one but that judgment was much more free and impartial than any you will make now: or consider, if the case admits it, what is the sense of the sober and virtuous part of the world: you may more safely trust them than yourself, where your passions are concerned: at least suppose your enemy in the same circumstances with yourself, and doing what you find yourself inclined to do, and consider what judgment you should make of him, and so judge of yourself: by these means perhaps we may preserve ourselves from the fatal influences which vice and passion have over the reason and understanding of mankind.’

The above quotations may suffice to convince our readers that the bishop of London is a close and excellent reasoner. Those to whom he may appear more agreeable in the character of an orator, appealing to the passions of his auditors, will meet in these discourses with many parts that abound in elegance and spirit: among these we should be inclined to point out the ninth and tenth sermons.

Upon the whole, we congratulate the world of literature on so valuable an acquisition as these four volumes of sermons, and hope his lordship, tho’ advanced in years, will live long enough to revise and give to the public many more of his truly valuable performances.

ART VIII. *Remarks on Dr. Battie's treatise on madnefs.* By John Monro, M. D. fellow of the college of phyficians, London; and phyfician to Bethlem-Hofpital. Price 1s. 8vo. Clarke.

**I**N page 509 of our laft vol. we have given fome account of the work which occafioned thefe remarks. The public have from time to time been entertained with medical quarrels, little perhaps to the honour or emolument of the faculty. Some time ago the great profyndic of Padua, armed with jalap and falts, ventured to encounter the whole faculty, on the unfortunate event of the death of an eminent perfonage, who had been his patient: but whether it was owing to his having taken too liberally of his favourite medicines, or to fome other caufe, he quitted the field at laft in no very favourable condition. Lately, indeed, he made a bold effort to re-eftablifh his reputation, by afcertaining the etymology of the word *Antifeptic*, in a quack advertisement in a news-paper, which had puzzled the learned politicians afsembled at a certain coffe-houfe in the neighbourhood of St. James's; when the doctor being applied to, affured them with great gravity, that *anti* was *contra*, and *septic* was *quafi ferpent*; that therefore, the word *antifeptic*, meant medicines againft the bites of ferpents, or, antidotes againft poifon.

Dr. Monro, in an advertisement prefixed to this pamphlet, informs us, that ‘madnefs is a diftemper of fuch a nature, that very little of real ufe can be faid concerning it; the immediate caufes will for ever difappoint our fearch, and the cure of that diforder depends on *management* as much as *medicine*. My own inclination would never have led me to appear in print; but it was thought neceffary for me, in my fituation, to fay fomething in answer to the undeserved cenfures, which Dr. Battie has thrown upon my predeceffors.’ And yet he afferts in the firft fection, that he cannot agree with Dr. Battie’s pofition, that madnefs is a diftemper little underftood. One would imagine, that if little of real ufe can be faid concerning madnefs, it muft be little underftood: however that may be, the reverfe is pretty plain; that if madnefs is little underftood, very little of real ufe can be faid concerning it; ergo, both the doctors might have fpared their labours. But Dr. Battie alleges, that this defect of our knowledge is principally to be afcribed to the want of a proper communication in the people who treat this diftemper, for that “the care of lunaticks has been entrusted to empyricks, or at beft to a few felect phyficians, moft of whom thought it advifeable to keep the cafes, as well as the patients, to themfelves.”

Dr. Monro thinking himfelf and his predeceffors aimed at by the *felect phyficians*, has, with truth and fpirit, endeavoured to vindicate their reputations, and his own, from all fuch invidious innuations.

Our



Our author next attacks Dr. Battie's definition of madness, who resolves it into a *deluded imagination*; and shews that the judgment, as much, if not more, than the imagination, is the faculty vitiated in madness. This he confirms by a quotation from Aretæus, which implies, that the melancholy have their imaginations, and the furious their judgments, disordered. And the doctor mentions some species of madness, where the imagination appears to be unhurt, and gives instances of deluded imaginations, that cannot well be called madness: and indeed proves in our judgments, that Dr. Battie's *imagination* was not clear, when he gave his definition of madness. judgment

He then follows the ingenious Dr. Battie on the seat, supposed, and real causes, and the salutary effects of natural sensations. In all which we agree with our author in opinion, that Dr. Battie has expended much learning and pains to prove some things that we knew before; for example, that hunger and thirst are relieved by eating and drinking, and in endeavouring to explain many things, that we have not a much clearer conception of, than we had before his explanation. + M

Dr. Monro observes, that Dr. Battie is the first author that divides madness into original and consequential: original madness he affirms to be incurable, and yet, it seems hard to ascertain the pathognomic symptoms of this disease. Dr. Battie, among other marks of original madness says, that "we may with the greatest degree of probability affirm, that it is original, when it both ceases and appears afresh without any assignable cause." Upon which Dr. Monro very sensibly observes, 'this as well as the first reason may and most probably does arise from want of exact observation. Is it not strange that a disease should be thought less curable, because it has already been relieved by nature without the assistance of art? or, why is *madness* to be so particularly distinguished from other distempers, many of which cease and appear again without our being able to assign the real cause? It is a complaint the most liable to a relapse even where the cause is known; and why may it not cease spontaneously without being stiled *original*, when we afterwards find that *sudden spasm* where it is mentioned as the occasion of *consequential madness*, may spontaneously abate with all its maniacal consequences. B

'I should never have taken so much notice of this chimerical distemper, had it not been for the terrible doom pronounced against it, *that it is not to be cured*; by which means it must often happen, that a person labouring under madness (should he chance to be attended by a philosophical physician) must be abandoned as an incurable, for no other reason, but because it has pleased this gentleman to create a new distemper under the name of *original madness*.' disappears with the distemper

In the next paragraph Dr. Monro has quoted from Dr. Battie, and has drawn an inference, which, with all due regard to our

author, we do not think just. The passage is, "Original madness is in itself very little prejudicial to animal life. For it is notorious that men really mad live as long as those who are perfectly in their senses; and whenever they sicken or die, they like other mortals are attacked by illnesses that have no necessary connection with madness." "It is very strange that madness should be thought little prejudicial to animal life, *because* madmen are subject to other diseases." No, Dr. Battie says no such thing: he only asserts, that original madness does not shorten life, for that many people afflicted with that disease live long; and *when* (not *because*) they sicken or die, their illnesses are such as have no necessary connection with madness.

Dr. Battie having enumerated gluttony and idleness as two causes of madness, Dr. Monro affirms, he never met with a case of either: and on spasm as another cause, says, 'The learned author is so sensible of this foible, (of laying down systems) and the mischief that may ensue from it in the practice of physic; that in most of his works he has very loudly and justly exclaimed against it: in that before us he has said that *Theorists deserve the suspicion of insanity*. I would therefore be cautious in advancing any thing, that might seem to imply he had unadvisedly been guilty of such an error himself; yet I cannot persuade myself but that the doctrine of *spasm* is liable to great suspicion.'

Among the many causes of madness mentioned by Dr. Battie, our author wonders that he has omitted two of the most obvious; sudden frights and obstructions in women. He concludes his observations on this part of Dr. Battie's work in this manner: 'The effects of this distemper are plain and visible; let us therefore direct our knowledge to relieve *them*, and make use of such methods as are warranted by reason, and founded upon observation and experience; leaving the causes of this terrible calamity, which will for ever remain unknown, to such as can fancy there is any amusement in a disquisition of so unpleasing a nature.'

In following Dr. Battie through his sections on the regimen and cure of madness, he sets out with a panegyric on his own father and predecessor, whose merit he apprehends Dr. Battie has treated too superficially; and our author seems to be animated with a manly resentment, and true filial piety, of the last of which passions he has exhibited an elegant specimen in another of his works. He observes, that though the management of mad people is of the greatest moment, yet Dr. Battie has discussed that point with great brevity, though so diffuse in others of little importance. Our author makes up this deficiency by several judicious observations and directions, to which we refer our readers, as perhaps this is the most valuable part of his ingenious performance.

In treating of the cure of madness, Dr. Battie has recourse to his twelve causes that produce it; and *concussion* being one of them, he

\* His Oratio Harveiana.



he says, that its ill effects are not to be prevented but by depletion and revulsion, though concussion itself may be sometimes prevented. On which Dr. Monro observes, that, 'if this gentleman has any receipt for that purpose, it would be of such universal use, that it is not quite fair to keep it a secret; for it can scarce be imagined that he meant, it might be prevented by its not happening.'

The next paragraph too is curious: '*Insolation*, another cause of madness, says Dr. Battie, *is quite out of our power, but its subject we have to deal with is not always so*; the meaning here, though so strangely expressed, is nothing more than this; we cannot prevent the sun from shining, but we may sometimes remove a man out of it; or where that is not to be done, we may provide him a proper integument, i. e. a paper cap.'

Dr. Battie, in treating of the cure of madness caused by anger, or sudden joy, when other remedies fail, says, the physicians ought to determine, how far it may be proper to stifle anger with fear, or joy with grief. These expedients our author entirely rejects, and says, 'The doctrine of substituting one passion for another is of very antient date, but I will never subscribe to the errors of antiquity, in opposition to experience, reason, and common sense. It has indeed been known, that frights and passions of the mind suddenly excited, have produced very good effects in some cases; but we are not from thence to conclude, that they ought to be prescribed; for were the history of their good and bad effects fairly laid before us, we should see the balance greatly on the side of the latter. When one prevailing passion has already proved too powerful, and the mind, obstructed in its operations, is become weaker from that cause, is it reasonable to suppose that it will be so well able to bear the shock, or receive any benefit from the attack of another? it certainly will not; and I should think there is reason to apprehend the most dangerous consequences from an abrupt and sudden alteration of the passions where we sometimes see the mind violently agitated from mere trifles.'

When madness is the effect of gluttony or idleness, the two last of the twelve causes producing this distemper, Dr. Battie says, 'that little is requisite for the cure, since, *after proper evacuations, temperance is undoubtedly the apposite remedy of the one, and bodily exercise of the other*: that is, says our author, gluttony is cured by being a glutton no longer, and idleness by being no longer idle.'

— *Sapientia prima* —

*Stultitia caruisse* —

Our author asserts, that out of the twelve causes assigned by Dr. Battie, hardly more than two are to be removed by rational-intention; and expresses a doubt, if ever either of the two produced that disease. He adds, that 'notwithstanding we are told in this treatise, that madness rejects all general methods, I will venture to say, that the most adequate and constant cure of it is by eva-

'cuation; which can alone be determined by the constitution of the patient and the judgment of the physician;' and asserts, from the experience and observation of himself and others, that vomits are of more service than all other evacuations, though vomiting is called by Dr. Battie a shocking operation.

In the last section he points out some inaccuracies, not to call them inconsistencies, in Dr. Battie's book, on the cure of the symptoms and consequences of madness, for which we once more beg leave to refer the reader to the work itself. After mentioning the late Dr. Mead as the author of a curious remark, Dr. Monro assures us, that the world is indebted to the last physician of Bethlem for this observation; "That an intermitting fever coming upon a madness of long standing, the relief of that has proved the cure of the madness." This, we apprehend, is no new remark; and the great Boerhaave, in treating on the mania has this aphorism. "§ 1124. Frustra tentatæ per omnia remedia, varix, hæmorrhoids, dysenteria, hydrops, hæmorrhagia magna spontanea, febres tertianæ, quartanæ accedentes, salutaria fuerunt." But this is an oversight pardonable in a son, who is desirous of doing all honour to the memory of a beloved and indulgent parent.

We have been the longer on this article, as both the treatise and the remarks are the works of men very eminent in their profession, especially in that branch of it on which they treat. If Dr. Battie has reflected on the late Dr. Monro, the son has vindicated him with spirit. If the author of the treatise on madness has been guilty of slips or oversights, the remarker has pointed them out with candour. They are rivals in fame, and hitherto the contest is conducted with spirit and decorum, free from personal abuse, and abounding with matter of real utility. We have given a candid account of this little well wrote piece, and as such recommend it to our ingenious and medical readers.

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ART. IX. *One very remarkable fact more, relating to the conduct of the jesuits, &c.* By Mr. Bower. 8vo. Price 6d. Comyns.

Destroy his fib and sophistry, in vain;  
The creature's at his dirty work again.

POPE.

WE were in great hopes, that in our last number we had taken our last farewell of B——r and his controversy, as we did not imagine, that after the coup de grace bestowed on him in the *Final Confutation*, he would ever rise again to give us, or our readers, any further trouble. As the words, however, of a dying man, the *novissima verba*, are generally supposed to carry with them something of importance, we cannot refuse our attention to them.

From



From Mr. B——r's title, one might indeed have expected, that he meant to forsake his old method of asserting every thing and proving nothing; and at the close of the controversy to make one effort, to assist innocence, by the production of real evidence. We were therefore astonished, when upon the appearance of the pamphlet, we found that the one very remarkable fact vanished into an unsupported tale, such a tale as Mr. B——r's antagonists say he has a peculiar art in framing, and a tale which, if it should gain credit with the believers of this man's infallibility, will hardly pass current with those, who think that in opposition to the strongest proofs of imposture, the word of the accused person ought to have no regard paid to it. Mr. B——r's story, after all, is no more than this, That in 1750, *somebody*\* a jesuit, desired a conference with Mr. B——r, met him *somewhere*, known only to him and B——r; for it seems there were *no witnesses*, and offered him double the king's bounty, if he would leave off his history; which Mr. B——r most heroically refused, and told he had done so to his wife and a person of distinction.

Mr. B——r tells his story thus: 'Contrary to my expectation (says he) new offers were made me in 1750, soon after the publication of the second volume of my history: and one of the order, with whom I had been particularly acquainted, was chosen by the general to treat with me in his name about my return.

'He accordingly paid me a visit early one morning, and upon seeing me not a little surprized and discomposed when he entered my room, he bid me be of good cheer, for he was come to make me such proposals in the general's name as he was sure I should agree to, and desired I would appoint for that purpose what place I pleased, but a place where neither of us was known, and we should meet with no interruption. I told him that I guessed what proposals he was charged with; that I was unalterably determined to hearken to none he could make me; that his having thus far executed his commission would justify him in the eyes of the general, and it was therefore in vain for him to give himself any farther trouble.

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\* 'As he conjured me (says B. p. 16.) by our former friendship, and the obligations I owed to the order at least to gratify him so far as to hear what he had to propose, I consented to it in the end; and the time and place being by both agreed on, we met the very next day.'

If Mr. B. was already determined not to accept of any offers that the jesuit could make him, why did he consent to meet him at all? or, why did he afterwards, as he himself tells us (p. 17.) go to his friend a gentleman of distinction to consult with him how he should behave, if he was already firmly resolved not to comply. Thus, even according to his own story, whilst he is boasting of his resolution, he acknowledges himself wavering and unsettled.

‘He then produced a letter from the general all written, he said, with his own hand, and gave it me to read. In that letter my friend was ordered, if he could not prevail upon me to accept the above offers, to make the following proposal, viz. that I should proceed no further in my history, a work that reflected so much disgrace on the society; and in that case the general would engage in the name of the whole body, and in the most solemn manner, to double his majesty’s bounty to me during my life, that is, to give me as much, and indemnify me if by ceasing to write I should forfeit that bounty.’

Let us in the first place admit the truth of the story, what would follow? Will it follow, that because in 1750, Mr. B——r, full of glory and gold from his history of the Popes, refused an offer from the jesuits: that, therefore, several years before, when he had not experienced the *king’s bounty*, and had got no protestant subscriptions, he did not write submissively to Sheldon, with a view to get his money out of their hands, which we know he had lent him?

2. If Mr. B——r thought this tale at all necessary for his defence, why, during the whole controversy, was there not a single hint dropt about it? So remarkable a conference must have been uppermost in his thoughts; why, therefore, was it never mentioned in any of the pamphlets, with which he has been amusing the publick for near these two years? What else can we think, but that he was conscious when first he began his defences, that so blind a tale would not serve his purpose? And that he produces it now, only because he had nothing else to produce?

3. But, thirdly, we would ask Mr. B——r, why he not only was silent about this till now; but also insisted upon a plan of defence, which must be owned to be all a fiction, if this one very remarkable fact be true? Mr. B——r’s memory seems to have failed him, when he defends himself by arguments inconsistent with each other. A defence so conducted serves only to furnish fresh proofs of guilt; and therefore, when we find Mr. B——r, in his second part, arguing, during several pages, against the probability of his having any thoughts of going back to the jesuits, from the poverty of the order, and the small provision made for the members of their society, do we not learn from this, that he was trifling with us all the while? For at the very time he was writing this, if the jesuits had ever offered to double the king’s bounty to him, he must know that he was insulting our understanding, when he argued against the probability of his ever thinking of going back to them again, on account of the small provision allowed by them to their members.——No wonder this one remarkable fact more was so long a coming out; for Mr. B——r’s former defences must be forgot, before this can serve him.

4. Mr. B——r’s telling this to his wife, and friend of distinction, at the time, will not serve him, to establish the truth of the fact; for it is a part of the charge against him, that by such stories as these  
he



he has, ever since he came into England, been endeavouring to raise and secure a reputation. Let us illustrate this by his own conduct, in other instances. He used to tell Protestants, that the jesuits attempted to poison and kidnap him ;—but will this prove the truth of the tale ? He shewed not only to one friend, but to many, a letter from the lord-inquisitor of Macerata, signed J. Montecuccoli, will it therefore follow that he ever received such a letter ?—We know now that the whole was a fiction of his brain.—What reason therefore have we to think otherwise of the blind conference with his nameless friend, the *one very remarkable fact more* ?—Again, suppose he should now be able to produce an anonymous letter, in which he is desired to be upon his guard, for that the jesuits intend to charge him with some black crime ? Will it follow, that we must believe this to be true ? on the contrary, would not every one urge that this is only another Montecuccoli-letter ? And can they think otherwise of this *one very remarkable fact more*, with which Mr. B—r takes his leave of the controversy ?

5. Internal marks of falshood are stamp'd upon the very narration. Is it likely, that if the general of the jesuits had thought Mr. B—r of such consequence, as to offer him 400 l. a year, that he would not have wrote a letter to him ? Would not Mr. B—r have had reason to say that he was slighted, if this had been the case ? Besides, how could the gentlemen of the jesuits, possibly say in a letter, writ by him, that the History of the Popes reflected so much disgrace on the society, p. 17. when the society was not founded till above 800 years after the period to which Mr. B—r has brought his history ? Again, when we read that upon B—r's refusal, the jesuit *burst into tears*, that prevented him from uttering a single word more, p. 19. can we believe this ? as if Rome were to fall, the vatican to be overturned, and the papal chair to totter, in consequence of B—r's refusal.

6. The art of lying has been divided into its several branches, like all other arts when digested and perfected. We have seen great specimens in the art of *political lying*, in the art of *theological lying*, but in the art of *oeconomical lying*, or in the art of saving one's bacon, never was there such a master, as Mr. B——r. After several examples of the *simple method*, we have here one of the *compound*—a gratuitous lie, without shadow of proof, of one man's, no where to be met with, serving as a stock to ingraft another lie upon, of another man no where to be caught in the same shape. Thus B——r, p. 20. makes † Arnold's lie of the jesuits making him great offers, as the confirmation and support of

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† ' It is of little or no importance, (says B. p. 20. of this pamphlet) whether my enemies believe or disbelieve it, as it has been owned by the jesuits themselves, that *they made me great offers, that they had taken every measure to regain me*, and that they would have been glad to stop my pen at the expence of my health, and even of my life.'

his own lie, that they did so (though in contradiction to all he had said before, since the pretended time of those offers, that they had nothing to offer him as an equivalent for the advantages of his present situation) and the having told this story to his wife, and friend, the person of distinction, a proof, that what he now tells the public is true.

7. We shall only add, with regard to Mr. B—r's *one very remarkable fact more*, that, in the note, p. 26. he himself has done all his antagonists could wish to be done, for the sake of themselves, the truth, and the public. He has been so indiscreet, as to set all the evidence on both sides in parallel. The evidence for his imposture, according to his own reckoning up, are Sir H. Bedingfield, W. Sheldon, Esq; Gay, Edwards, Horne the surgeon, and Mrs. Hoyles; and the evidence for his truth and innocence are Arnold, a man nowhere to be found, and himself. Mr. B—r has taken occasion to write with his own defence, some very † scurrilous reflections on the character of Sir H. B. and Mr. D. The severity with which he expresses himself, carries with it all the marks of despairing guilt.

He seems however resolved, in the Newgate phrase, to *dye game*; and though convicted on legal and positive evidence, holds out to the last; and just as he is *turned off* convinces the mob of his piety and goodness, by saying, he hopes God will forgive his prosecutors for taking away the life of an innocent man.

#### P O S T S C R I P T.

In the pamphlet called *Bower and Tillemont compared*, the author says that *the same authority*, upon which he had informed the public that Mr. B—— paid five hundred pounds to a gentlewoman whom he had courted, *assured him that she had two nieces, whose Protestant principles he endeavoured to unsettle*. In Mr. B——r's last pamphlet called *One very remarkable Fact more*, the above passage from *Bower and Tillemont compared*, is cited; and then Mr. B——r adds, "I can further inform the public, that *before the publication of* the above defamatory article, application was made to the young ladies and family by Sir H. B. in person, with whom they were not before acquainted, to attest the truth of the facts contained in the said article, but they refused so to do, and then declared to, and assured him of the falsity thereof." p. 6.

† ' Sir H. B. (says B——r, p. 8, of this pamphlet) is grown old and infirm; has one foot in the grave and the other in purgatory; begins to feel the heat of that fire; has some *little affairs* to atone for, and has been persuaded by his jesuit confessor, that he can by no other means redeem himself more effectually from those scorching flames, than by serving the holy society in quality of their *cat's-paw*, and even degrading, in his old age, the gentleman into the libellous scribbler. I can no otherwise account for his interesting himself so much in the dispute between the jesuits and me, if he does not begin to doat.'

One



One would naturally have thought that Mr. B——r in his critical situation would not have ventured to bring such a charge against Sir H. B. if, by so doing, he only exposed himself to the danger of being detected in asserting *One very remarkable false fact more*. And yet that he has been so *indiscrete* is certain, from the following facts extracted from a manuscript, which has been handed about town, and undoubtedly Sir H. B. will stand to it.

Sir H. can prove, by his memorandum-book, by the books of Mr. Bowman of Bond-street, the person he hired horses of, and by Mr. Thornley, an eminent apothecary in Piccadilly, at whose house he then lodged, that he arrived in London on the 20th of January, 1757. By Bowman's books it also appears that Sir Henry hired a chaise of him on the 28th of that month, and his receipt for the money confirms it: and his servant who drove Sir Henry can swear that he carried him to Mr. ———'s house at ———. That gentleman is the father of the two young ladies mentioned above. They, and the whole family can attest (and Mr. B——r admits it above) *that* was the first, nay the only day they ever saw Sir H. B.——Compare this, now, with the dates of pamphlets, taken from the publisher's books, and from advertisements in the news-papers. *Bower and Tillemont compared*, in which that defamatory article (as B——r calls it) was inserted, was published on the *sixth* day of January, 1757, twenty-one days *before* Sir H. *made his application to the young ladies in person*. B——r's answer to the above pamphlet, called *an Answer to a New Charge*, was published on the twenty-first of January, *six* days before the said remarkable visit. And Sir H. B. never knew, till after he came to town on the twentieth, from what quarter the author of *Bower and Tillemont compared* had that intelligence about the two young ladies; which, it seems, was from an eminent Protestant physician not far from Soho-Square, who told it, upon the authority of persons acquainted with the family, to two reverend divines of the Church of England.

The above facts so clearly proving that Sir H. B. *did not make application to the young ladies in person*, before the defamatory article was published, but above three weeks *after*, it is incumbent upon Mr. B——r to fix the date of that visit, of which he boasts, in his note, p. 7. *to be so well informed*.

It is extremely unfortunate for Mr. B——r that the *very remarkable fact* against Sir H. B. is demonstrated to be false beyond the least possibility of contradiction; because, in the third page of his last pamphlet, he, himself, puts the *several very remarkable facts* of his friend the apothecary on the same footing of credibility, telling us that this is *no less authentic*, than they are.

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ART. X. Agis. *A Tragedy.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Millar.

**F**OR this new tragedy, we are indebted to the author of Douglas. It is with pleasure we inform the publick, that  
Agis

Agis was his first production, lest, in spite of its success on the stage, where it had every advantage, the severer critics of the closet should think it falls short of the merit of Douglas.

The fable of this tragedy is founded on Plutarch's life of Agis; and the character of Agis himself is taken from thence. All the other characters are of our author's invention, although some of their names are found in Plutarch. The dramatic story of Agis is as follows:

The laws of Lycurgus, by which Sparta had gained so much influence in Greece, having fallen into contempt, Agis, the hero of this tragedy, as soon as he came to the throne, formed a project of restoring his country to its former pre-eminence in virtue and glory, by reviving the antient laws. In the execution of this design, Lyfander the friend of Agis, who is supposed to have been educated at Athens, procured a decree of the people, whereby Leonidas the other king, who had married a foreigner, contrary to the laws, and opposed the schemes of Agis, was banished from Sparta. Leonidas in revenge, and to aid his faction in the city, excited the Achæans to make war on the Spartans. And the play opens by representing the heads of the two parties in expectation of a battle, which is to decide their hopes. Amphares, one of the Ephori, and the rival of Lyfander, and Sandane the queen of Leonidas, are the personæ dramatis of the first act on the one side; and king Agis, his mother Agesistrata, and Euanthe, an Athenian maid beloved by Lyfander, on the other. The act concludes with the arrival of Rhesus, a Thracian officer of Lyfander's, who informs Euanthe of a signal victory gained that morning by her lover; and that he is then in the senate with Agis. In this act the audience is made acquainted with the principal characters of the play; for, although Lyfander does not appear, yet the sollicitude of Agis for his safety, and the expressions that fall from Euanthe in the midst of her fears, sufficiently discover his importance, and unfold great part of his character. In this act likewise the subject of contention between the two factions is opened: but to an audience, unacquainted with Plutarch, this exposition is not so clear as might have been expected. The reason of the obscurity will afterwards appear.

While Agis and his party think themselves secure by Lyfander's victory, the second act artfully prepares the way for a change of fortune. Lyfander having left his army at some distance, and having given the king and senate an account of the battle, appears in the beginning of this act with Euanthe. While she is informing him of a new cause of hatred to Amphares; viz. his pretensions to her love, he receives advice that some dark designs are carrying on against his party. And afterwards, when in conference with Agis, they are alarmed with certain intelligence, that a thousand Thracian soldiers had halted near one of the gates of the city with the permission of Amphares. The designs of the faction are now unveiled;



unveiled; and Lyfander urges the king in the warmest manner to retire to the army. But Agis, from mildness and humanity, and the fear of kindling a civil war by driving his enemies to despair, is proof against his importunity; and commands him instantly to leave the city, and put himself at the head of the troops. After a very interesting scene, Lyfander goes out with an intention to obey: but it must be remembered, that Euanthe, by mentioning the love of Amphares, and by other motives, had engaged him to see and speak with her before he entered on any new enterprize. When Lyfander leaves the king, some senators of Sparta wait on Agis to conduct him to the assembly of the people, where he hopes to accomplish his designs. As he is going to the assembly, Agesistrata and Euanthe are discovered in procession to a temple to invoke the gods, which the queen-mother had prepared us for in the end of the first act. Thus are we informed of what becomes of Agis during the interval of the acts; are prepared for the change of fortune; and the time is filled up by the procession and ode; at the end of which Amphares shews himself, and in a characteristical speech lets the audience know, that he is going to make prisoners of all the matrons and virgins.

The third act opens with Euanthe just escaped from the soldiers of Amphares, and supplicating the protection of Sandane, who insults her and retires. Then Lyfander appears in the disguise of a Helot, having been detained by his promise to Euanthe, whom he had, till now, sought in vain. From her he learns, that the king, who had been attacked in the assembly, is safe, having fled to a temple. Upon which, after passionately deploring his stay, and explaining his designs, he takes an hasty farewell. Euanthe detains him; and, excited by her tenderness and fear, in the belief that Agis is irrecoverably ruined, she endeavours, by great variety of arguments, to dissuade him from his purpose, and make him fly to Athens with her. He resists her a while; but, overcome at last with her distress, he seems to yield to her importunity: but letting fall some expressions of despair, which alarm Euanthe, she suddenly changes her tone; and from her tenderness itself now finds reasons for permitting him to go forth to battle. The lovers are interrupted by Amphares. The pretended Helot is obliged to retire. Amphares makes love, and is answered with disdain. He proceeds to violence: Euanthe calls out for help; Lyfander returns, and is going to kill Amphares with his dagger. A guard of Thracians interpose. Lyfander snatches a sword from one of the soldiers, and then defies Amphares. The Thracians, astonished at his valour, and, restrained by Euxus their chief, give way. Amphares alarmed to the utmost, points his sword to the breast of Euanthe. Euxus entreats Lyfander to yield his sword to him. Amphares threatens. Euanthe implores her lover to stand on his defence, and not regard her life. Lyfander, unable to see his beloved Euanthe die, and conceiving some hope that  
Euxus,

Euxus, whom he knows to be the brother of Rhesus, may befriend him, lets fall his sword. In the sequel of the scene, Lyfander displays his magnanimity, and Euanthe shews herself more amiable than ever. The prisoners are sent off: Sandane enters to Amphares; their future designs are explained, and their reasons for proceeding against Agis with the appearance of legal authority, till they are driven to the last extremity.

The fourth act is wholly occupied with the escape of Lyfander, which produces a new change of fortune. The first scene represents him a prisoner, and in chains; when he speaks a soliloquy that deserves to be compared with the famous ones of Hamlet and of Cato. And when he expresses his doubts of the soul's immortality, the character and manners are supported with the greatest propriety. But while his reflecting and philosophic mind leads him to form some doubts on that important subject, his heroic virtue enables him to come to the noblest conclusion that ever was made. In this situation he is approached by Rhesus and Euxus. The friend of Lyfander endeavours to draw his brother to his party. Euxus is moved by the virtue and distress of Lyfander, but not overcome. Lyfander in fear, lest Agis should be imposed on, and drawn from the temple, sends Rhesus disguised like a Thracian to warn him of his danger. Lyfander is obliged to retire at the approach of Amphares, who commands Euxus to procure him the gorget of Lyfander, to which is hung a picture of Euanthe. While Euxus is executing his orders, Sandane appears, and tells him, that the royal band had torn the mandate he sent, and refused to obey. Amphares assures her, that their resentment avails not, as he finds Agis ready to fall into a snare he had laid, and listen to the suggestion of a false friend; that it was not safe for him to remain in the temple: to confirm which, he proposes to send him that night the gorget of Lyfander. In the mean time, a messenger informs him, that a spy is taken, making his way to Agis. Euxus returns with the gorget. Amphares informs him of the capture of a spy, receives the gorget, and retires. Euxus concluding that the captive is no other than Rhesus, overcome by fraternal affection, hesitates no more. He calls forth Lyfander, sets him free, and arms him like a Thracian. Euxus is summoned before the senate, and is greatly alarmed lest Rhesus should be known for his brother. But on the persuasion of Lyfander, he obeys the summons, having delivered his sword to Lyfander, and commanded his troops to follow him, in case he himself was detained. Euxus soon returns, having found that Rhesus is unknown, but condemned to die. Lyfander and he form their resolutions to head their several bands, and meet at a gate of the city.

The fifth act begins with the trial of Agis. The gorget of Lyfander had made him give entire faith to the advice of Demochares, who, pretending to lead him to the army, brings him before the



the Ephori of Sparta. The character of Agis appears in a new light, and in extreme distress, the patriot, king, and hero, still rises on our admiration. He is condemned to die: the soldiers will not obey the Ephori; and Amphares hires an assassin to murder the king. When he has succeeded thus far, and believes that all his enemies are in his power, he sends an officer for Lysander; but is informed first that he has escaped; and soon after that Euxus and his Thracians have revolted. He sends for Euanthe, with a design to carry her off, if his enemies should succeed. While she is with him the prison-gates open, and Amphares' slave comes forth, and tells him, that the deed is done. She believes that Lysander is murdered; and running towards the prison, is seized by Amphares. When he is sending her off, he is alarmed with the approach of the royal band. They shout as they draw near. Encompassed on all hands, he runs at Euanthe with his sword; Lysander arrives that moment, and saves her: he sends Rhesus to the king, and kills Amphares. Rhesus returns with the fatal tidings that the king is murdered. His mother Agefistrata appears. The dreadful death of Sandane is related. And the play concludes with a funeral procession and ode.

Such is the dramatic story of Agis. We are now to examine the merit of this tragedy.

The chief defect of this play, we are of opinion, lies in the fable. The subject itself is not so interesting as could have been wished. Stories of domestic distress affect the hearts of all mankind, although the persons concerned should be obscure and unknown. But the struggles of patriots for laws and institutions that bear little similitude to our own; and with which the bulk of an audience is entirely unacquainted, cannot be supposed to rouse or interest them to any great degree. And, on account of this defect in his subject, we are of opinion, that our author has, not unartfully, left it in greater obscurity in his first act than is usual, according to the rules of the drama. It was probably owing to the same fault in his subject, that our author has overcharged his fable with a secondary plot; thinking perhaps, that the love-story would enliven his play, and relieve his audience from constant attention to the sentiments of publick virtue and magnanimity. But such experiments, though justified by great examples, are dangerous: and two plots can very seldom be so intimately wrought into each other, as to produce but one interest and one passion. If we add to this defect in the fable, that Agis the hero is in some sort eclipsed by the more shining qualities of Lysander; and that his perfect virtue leaves little room for pity or terror, which are more tragical passions than admiration, we shall not be surprised that the piece is upon the whole less pathetic than could have been expected from the author of Douglas. There is a charm in Douglas that will ever please. Unity, simplicity, and the language of nature,  
can

can never fail of their effect upon the heart: and Douglas will draw tears as long as the English theatre exists.

We shall conclude our remarks on the fable of Agis by observing, that the advantage of unity, and a simple plot, cannot be better exemplified than by the fourth act of this very play, in which the escape of Lyfander is the sole object; for, without superior fine writing, it is undeniably the most interesting part of the tragedy. In justice to the author, we must also observe, that in the invention and choice of particular incidents, he has shewn great force and judgment: and that wherever the characters and situations would admit of it, by writing the tender and natural language of the passions, he has fully proved that the author of Agis and Douglas is the same.

In characters and manners, which is the second part of tragedy, it is not easy to excel our author. No character more sublime, if we may be allowed the expression, than that of Lyfander, has ever appeared on the stage. An Athenian education was necessary to complete such an hero. Agis himself is the Agis of Plutarch, with whom no liberties were to be taken: and it cannot be denied, that our author has given us a very beautiful and highly finished copy. Euanthe is tenderness itself, wound up almost to frenzy by fear. Her seeming inconsistencies and changes of sentiment make necessary parts of her character; and are as natural as beautiful in such a state of the passions. Whatever resemblance Amphares may have to Glenalvon at first sight, a closer view will discover a very great difference: and our author has with propriety diversified their conduct and manners. The character of Euxus is finely drawn: and his motive for changing sides is striking and natural.

As for the sentiments of this new tragedy, we must leave our readers to judge of them from the following quotations:

- ‘ *Agis.* The laws have been neglected, not annull’d,
- ‘ And corrupt rulers have corrupted manners.
- ‘ Authority will soon revive the laws,
- ‘ And great example yet restore the manners,
- ‘ In spite of those who have oppress’d their country,
- ‘ Depriv’d the people of their antient rights,
- ‘ And while the nation sunk beneath their sway,
- ‘ Still strove for power in a declining kingdom,
- ‘ Still fought for wealth in an impoverish’d land.
- ‘ Even at this hour rapacious they persist,
- ‘ And, like some wretches in a stranded vessel,
- ‘ Plunder and riot in the midst of ruin.
- ‘ *Lyfander.* Unjust Euanthe, thus to blame Lyfander
- ‘ Who fought the field, the soldier of his love
- ‘ As of his sacred country: fought to gain,
- ‘ With liberty, a rank and place of honour,

‘ Such



- Such as becomes the husband of Euanthe ;
- That tender name, and names that wait upon it,
- Awake emotions as implacable
- To tyranny, as generous and great,
- As ever self-renouncing hero own'd.
- When the chief aim is right, all passions else
- Of noble kind impel the self-same way.
- The lover and the husband rouse and fire
- The Spartan and the man.
- Of common clay, and in one common mould
- Mankind are made ; but the celestial fire
- That gives them life and soul, is liberty.
- And I, Prometheus-like, to gain that fire
- For Sparta's sons, would brave the bolt of Jove.

• *Lyfander.* Nor ought I now to stay. Let never man  
 • Say in the morning that the day's his own :  
 • Things past belong to memory alone ;  
 • Things future are the property of hope.  
 • The narrow line, the isthmus of these seas,  
 • The instant scarce divisible, is all  
 • That mortals have to stand on. O my prince !  
 • Lyfander leaves you with a heavy heart.

• *Agis.* To thee, Lyfander, I commit my son,  
 • The only pledge of my Deidamia's love.  
 • Train up the boy to walk in the same path  
 • Which we have trod together, the streight path  
 • Of virtue and true glory. If he proves  
 • Of noble nature, and I hope no less,  
 • He will not shun the lofty path of honour,  
 • Tho' fate should mark it with his father's blood.

• *Agis.* In times like these of a declining state,  
 • Baseness infects the general race of men ;  
 • But yet these trying times rear up a few  
 • More excellent, refin'd, and conscious spirits,  
 • More principled, and fit for all events,  
 • Than any in the good, but equal, mass  
 • Of a far better age. Such is Lyfander.  
 • The hour draws near.

• *Lyfander.* I should have pitied thee by fate subdued :  
 • Opprest with crimes, thy spirit would have shrunk  
 • Under calamity, and guilt have marr'd  
 • The noble vigour and the port of manhood.  
 • Amidst thy triumph, does it not confound thee,  
 • To think thou ow'st it to excess of baseness ?  
 • Thou hast prevail'd, because the generous Agis  
 • Would not believe there could be such a traitor.

• *Lyfander.* Has virtue no prerogative on earth ?  
 • And can the gods permit the fall of Agis ?

- ‘ They can. ’Tis man’s own arrogance arrays him
- ‘ In gorgeous titles of excelling nature,
- ‘ Care of the gods, and center of creation.
- ‘ I fear, I fear man’s life is but a dream ;
- ‘ His soul a subtle essence of the blood,
- ‘ A rainbow beauty, made to shine a space,
- ‘ Then melt and vanish into air.
- ‘ Ye mighty minds of sages and of heroes !
- ‘ Epaminondas, Plato, great Lycurgus !
- ‘ Who once with such transcendent glory shone,
- ‘ Brighter than all the stars that deck the heavens,
- ‘ Is your celestial fire for ever quench’d,
- ‘ And nought but ashes left, the sport of chance,
- ‘ Which veering winds still blow about the world ?
- ‘ I will not think so ! Yet, alas ! the while
- ‘ I see and feel presages that alarm.
- ‘ If they prove true. If man is like the leaf,
- ‘ Which falling from the tree revives no more,
- ‘ I shall be shortly dust. That will not hear
- ‘ Euanthe weep, nor see the shame of Sparta !
- ‘ Now I’m a living man, my mind is free,
- ‘ And, while I live and breathe, by heaven I’ll act
- ‘ As if I were immortal.
- ‘ *Lyfander.* Rhesus, the generous spirit of that prince
- ‘ Is of a nature that excludes all fear,
- ‘ Consideration, and respect of self :
- ‘ On earth he acts as if he were a God,
- ‘ Immortal, and incapable of harm.
- ‘ Think how the artful falsehood of Amphares
- ‘ May operate on such a royal mind.’

———*He acts as if he were*———  
*Immortal*———

The author at first sight would seem to have repeated rather too soon the fine thought with which he concludes the foregoing soliloquy : but a discerning reader will perceive a very remarkable difference in the sentiment ; the immortality of the latter passage being of a quite different nature from that of the former.

- ‘ *Lyfander.* Oft have I wish’d for perilous occasions ;
- ‘ And, wandering in the academic grove,
- ‘ Have rous’d myself with strong imagination
- ‘ Of great exploits by ardent valour done :
- ‘ But ne’er did fancy’s tempest match the truth,
- ‘ The strong reality of such a storm.
- ‘ O did I combat but for life alone,
- ‘ Were Sparta and Euanthe safe spectators,
- ‘ How gaily should Lyfander take the field.——
- ‘ Euxus draws near—Upon the insect wing
- ‘ Of a small moment ride th’ eternal fates.

‘ *Agis.*



\* *Agis.* Alas! alas! Lyfander! O my friend!

\* Thy love for me, thy generous, fearless love,  
 \* Has wrought thy fall. For me thou cam'st to Sparta,  
 \* And, like the parent bird hov'ring too near  
 \* Its captive young, thy noble life is lost!—  
 \* Forgive these tears, my country! Agis weeps  
 \* For thee. Alas! thy brave defender's gone!  
 \* O Lacedæmon, thou art fallen for ever!  
 \* Thy bad estate shall every day grow worse;  
 \* Successive tyrants shall exhaust thy strength,  
 \* Till all thy generous youths have bled in vain;  
 \* At last the consummation of thy woes  
 \* Shall come upon thee; some ambitious foe  
 \* Shall stretch the iron arm of conquest forth,  
 \* And grasp thee in the circle of his empire.  
 \* My native land, the kingdom of my fathers,  
 \* Shall be no more a nation! O my country,  
 \* How irretrievable is thy condition!  
 \* The Macedonian vulture hovers o'er thee,  
 \* Soon to descend, and on thy vitals prey.

\* *Agis.* Reason bids me die

\* As I have liv'd, unalter'd in my love,  
 \* To Sparta, and unconquer'd in my purpose.  
 \* You mean to take advantage of my state,  
 \* Without spectator, counsellor, or friend:  
 \* You think I dread the stern approach of death,  
 \* Because the blooming season of my life  
 \* Still promises a long extent of years:  
 \* But my forefathers blood is in my veins,  
 \* The blood of heroes, and of Spartan kings,  
 \* Less only than the gods. I dare your worst,  
 \* And with my dying breath acquit my people.  
 \* The people rose; they hearkened to the voice  
 \* Of liberty, and blest the name of Agis.  
 \* But you, the nobles, an inglorious race,  
 \* Base as the dastard and unarmed Helots,  
 \* With foreign arms and mercenary aid,  
 \* Bore down the people, and oppress your prince,  
 \* Whom death delivers. Agis shall not see  
 \* The last convulsions of expiring freedom.  
 \* For in the first he dies.

\* *Agefistrata.* O guilt! thou'rt worst of all; he knew thee not,  
 \* For whom I mourn. Untimely was his fate;  
 \* Yet full of high and pleasing thoughts he fell.  
 \* Great-hearted virtue, in its swelling hour,  
 \* Scarce feels the blow that strikes at brittle life.  
 \* The painful part is mine, in grief to live.  
 \* Would I had dy'd for thee, my son! my son!

To quote all the thoughts that are virtuous, noble, and in the true spirit of patriotism, would be almost reprinting the whole piece. The tendency of this play, and the sentiments with which it abounds are suitable at all times, and can never deserve the names of faction and party. Could they excite us to the love of our country, the contempt of ease and of danger, faction and party would soon vanish, and public spirit and magnanimity appear in their place.

In point of style we shall only observe, that our author seems to improve: for the style of Agis is more uniform and classical, and is better supported than that of Douglas, which inclines us to believe, that tho' the fable be now what it was when the tragedy was wrote, yet some material alterations have lately been made in the style and diction. One peculiar excellence, on this head, must be allowed to belong to our author: that is, the style and language of character. One would imagine that this were no uncommon talent, and that whoever could draw characters, could likewise make them speak their own language. But to whatever cause it is owing, no tragic poet for many years, our author excepted, has made his characters speak any other than one and the same language.

As this is an age wherein odes abound, we must take some notice of the odes of our author. What induced him to introduce them into his play, or what effect they have there, we shall not pretend to determine; but we must admit that they are very beautiful compositions. If obscurity and sudden transitions, involved constructions, and an affectation of the surprising, are necessary ingredients in this kind of ode, the author of Agis must stand far back in the list of lyric poets.

The prologue and epilogue deserve to be taken notice of as pieces of merit, and well adapted to the play; tho' both of them turn upon one thought. We are unacquainted with the history of these pieces; but we think we can discern in the epilogue, that simplicity, manliness, and spirit, which distinguish the author of the prologue and epilogue to Douglas.

We have given so full an account of this tragedy, that our readers will be able to determine for themselves whether or not its merit be equal to its success. In whatever manner that may be decided, we will venture to say, that the patronage the author of Douglas and Agis has obtained, ought to give great encouragement to men of merit and genius. The sanguine may perhaps from thence predict a new Augustan age of learning and the fine arts. And surely it can forbode nothing but good to Britain, that a play full of the high spirit of patriotism and heroic virtue, drew the attention of her princes, and received the most distinguishing marks of their approbation.



ART. XI. *Historia Febris miliaris & de Hemicrania dissertatio. Auctore Joanne Fordyce, M. D. Accedit de morbo miliari Epistola Caroli Balguy, M. D. 8vo. Pr. 2 s. Wilson and Durham.*

**D**R. Fordyce sets out with telling us, that a great many have wrote so well upon the military fever, that at first sight there would seem very little occasion for others to say any thing about it, and then he proceeds to inform us, wherefore he publishes his treatise. He seems unwilling to have it believed that this disease is of late date, and makes a long inquiry whether Hippocrates, Celsus, Aëtius, &c. &c. were not acquainted with it. After this parade of learning, he gives us a most systematical description of the military fever, where we have all the symptoms which he met with in books, or in those cases which fell under his inspection. The remainder of the dissertation (if we may be allowed to express ourselves in this manner, for it makes up above two-thirds of the whole) consists of one hundred and seventy-six aphorisms relating to the causes, prognostics, and cure of this disorder.

We expected, in a formal treatise written in Latin, to have met with many curious observations; but we are disappointed. He makes the disease of much greater consequence than we daily find it; nor is there any thing remarkable in his method of treating it; for tho' he proposes at great length the use of opiates, and calls upon Aëtius, Alexander Trallianus, and lord Bacon, to shelter him from any imputation of novelty, we can assure him that the most eminent physicians of London have not been sparing of them in like cases for many years past. The style is very far from being elegant: it is embarrassed, affected, and in some places scarce intelligible. The aphoristic method which he has followed, we apprehend, in dissertations of this kind, does not merit imitation, as it breaks our view of the subject too much. It may perhaps give a weight and importance to what otherwise might seem of small consequence; but we venture to say, from our own experience, in the perusal of this book, that we can recollect much less than we should have done had there been one continued narration. We shall give a few of the aphorisms, to enable the reader to judge for himself.

§ I. ' In omni ævo existimârunt medici continuas febres, non modo in quibus purpurea erumpunt exanthemata, verum etiam omnes quæcunque populariter se dispergunt, præter peculiarem humoris putredinem, aliquid etiam communis, & publicæ pernicipiei redolere.

§ XVI. ' Istiusmodi autem horror ex summo labore enitenti nonnunquam supervenit, non substante tamen indole morbosâ, leviter tunc transeuns, nulla febre acuta subsequente, &c.

§ XL. 'Mulierum corpus quum densum sit, id quod per insensilem effluxisse debebat transpiratum, manifesta sui in cute sæpe relinquit vestigia.

§ CX. 'Concessum quamvis sit quod medici pristini nonnulli venas affatim, quodque in una gravida duo corpora simul sustineat, exhaurirent; facile attamen, nisi copia sanguinis male habeat, detrahi non debet, fluxum enim ejus cum impetu missionem subsequutum aliquoties novi, idque, ubi copia ejus non deesse videbatur, cum magno abortus discrimine.'

The greatest part of the dissertation De Hemisrania is made up of quotations from authors, and seems chiefly written with an intention to recommend the use of valerian, which surely in this country was very unnecessary.—Dr. Balguy's letter, which is subjoined to these dissertations, is very short, and we recommend it to the perusal of our readers.

ART. XII. *Plain directions in regard to the Small-pox.* By Browne Langrish, M. D. and fellow of the Royal Society. 4to. Pr. 1 s. 6 d. Baldwin.

THE author of this treatise would have done very little injury to society had he suppressed its publication. It has been always his custom (he tells us) to commit to writing whatever practical observations he made; but however laudable this is, we are sorry to observe, that we do not remember a single observation which is uncommon, or any direction but what every body must be acquainted with, who is qualified for the management of this disease. He writes indeed professedly for the *unexperienced*, and does not pretend to say *he has advanced any thing that is not already well known to the learned*. With submission, however, the author may be asked, since he had nothing new to communicate, Why he wrote at all? Have not the *unexperienced* a much better chance of being instructed by reading of original treatises on the small-pox? And has not the scheme of making plain directions for the *unexperienced* a native tendency to promote quackery? We hope the author will think no more of *pursuing this scheme in respect to other diseases*, as his time surely may be better employed in the duties of his profession.

✓ ART. XIII. *Chiron: or, the mental optician.* 12mo. 2 vols. Pr. 6 s. Robinson.

CHIRON is apparently written in imitation of the hitherto inimitable Gil Blas, and, the Diable Boiteux, or Devil upon two Sticks, particularly the latter. Though there appears in



in this performance some knowledge of human life, we meet with very little of that beautiful indirect satire, and that poignancy of true and chaste humour for which *Le Sage* is so eminently distinguished: the plan of the mental optician is as follows.

Our author going to take a view of London from *St. Paul's*, meets with an old gentleman who seemed to be on the same errand. When they were got to the top, his friend proves to be a great philosopher, who pulls out a glass, the astonishing virtue of which was, that it shewed at one view every man's heart, and discovered his past and future actions. The old man is called *Chiron*, and our author his pupil, *Achilles*. On this thought turns the whole humour of the piece. By means of *Chiron's* glass his pupil perceives every thing contrary to what he had before imagined it to be.

' I have been observing, says he, (as often as the dust on yonder busy road would permit me) a group of persons in post-chariots, and on horseback, all seeming chearful but one, who, very distinct from the rest, seems as melancholy as a guarded prisoner. You make me smile (replies *Chiron*) that melancholy gentleman is really and truly very chearful at heart; and the train of persons around him, who appear easy and jocular, are quite otherwise.—The affair is this, in few words:

' The great and dusty road you see there leads to the city of *West-Chester*; and from thence to *Ireland*.—The master of this equipage, which has raised such a cloud, so as scarce to discover the colour of the horses, is just made a b—p there. He pretends to be dejected at his journey, and future embarkation! that the natives of that kingdom may imagine him a person of consequence on this side the water,—and that he might have bettered himself here, could he have had a few months longer patience: but his lordship knows his affairs best. He is glad to go any where to obtain rank and income; neither of which he could command at home.—If you were close to him, you might hear him rail about banishment, quitting his dear friends and native country, with all that train of jargon which every *Sc—ch* governor in *America* vents on the same occasion.—But look thro' this end of the glass (thus managed by me) and you will soon perceive that he was never so truly happy in all his life; that he has as little value for his friends and native country as a modern lady of quality for her husband; and if you were to trace him to yonder inn, a few miles further, you would see him in an instant writing half a score trifling letters for the pleasure he has in seeing the title of his fee, in the room of his late surname. Why his attendants and servants appear chearful, when, on the contrary, their hearts are really heavy, is this;—that they could have lived in *Old England*, tho' their masters could not; and are sorry that gratitude (which servants in general seldom feel) or perhaps a long arrear of wages yet unpaid,

‘ obliges them to attend him, who, as I privately know, and  
 ‘ could prove to you, gives them all this trouble, that they may  
 ‘ in a strange country trumpet his family and praises, and bear  
 ‘ down those lies, and that unavoidable malice which generally  
 ‘ clings to all new-comers in a strange country, till time and  
 ‘ good actions make them one of their own body; are you  
 ‘ satisfied, sir?’

The reader here sees at once the plan and design of this performance. Some parts of it are pretty well, others but very indifferently executed. As we would always choose, where there is the least room, to be on the good-natured side of the question, we shall select a passage or two which appeared to us the most agreeable, and leave the rest for more morose critics to find fault with. The following observation of Chiron’s is among the best we met with.

‘ To tell you the truth, my Achilles, it is unhappy to be let  
 ‘ behind the scenes of this life; the play goes on well enough  
 ‘ while we are deceived, and really think like children, that  
 ‘ heroes, are heroes, and lovers, lovers, but like the true theatre  
 ‘ of life, heroes do very dirty things behind the curtain, and there  
 ‘ is no hate so keen as that of tragedy or comedy lovers.—

‘ The first plays we see of either the public or private stage, are  
 ‘ the most pleasing. We are surprized, delighted, puzzled how  
 ‘ it should be, eager for a second, a third, and a fourth, till at  
 ‘ last judgment ripening, and an unlucky admittance by some  
 ‘ unkind friend behind the scenes to a rehearsal, discovers the  
 ‘ king a beggar, the nun no better than a prostitute, and the  
 ‘ priest or friar a drunken sot; you depart vexed, wish you had  
 ‘ never seen so much, and from that very day hate your once  
 ‘ most favourite amusement.—

‘ How proud is the country alderman to have his hand squeezed  
 ‘ by a duke, or if his grace stands godfather the whole family are  
 ‘ in extasy. A few years afterwards, my lord’s promissory bill of  
 ‘ words not being honoured or accepted, the poor wretch sees for  
 ‘ the future with different eyes, and almost hates the sight of a  
 ‘ coronet as it passes through the town, much more if it stops at  
 ‘ his door.—Pray, was he not the happier man while the pleasing  
 ‘ dream of his disappointment lasted?

‘ But of all dreams, the dream of love is the most enchanting  
 ‘ while it lasts; the touch of the hand, the whisper, the gaw-  
 ‘ gaw present, but above all, the irresistible tear from those we  
 ‘ love, is what one would wish not to be awakened from; and yet  
 ‘ women are such animals, that like beggars, they at once de-  
 ‘ clare the protection they sought and even obtained was not for  
 ‘ the honour of it, but to save them from a worse persecution:  
 ‘ either some old snarling mother-in-law, spiteful aunt, or envious  
 ‘ maiden sister, was what she fled from, and so took shelter un-  
 ‘ der you.’

The



The following description of a methodist preacher is, we think, not without humour.

‘ Pray (says Achilles) what is that young gentleman doing there (the clergyman I should say) who by his glass, for I can see thro’ his room window, is seemingly painting himself, and in so great a hurry to go out? sure he can’t be such a coxcomb! besides, contrary to all schemes of that kind, he looks paler and paler at every stroke.

‘ He means it as such, my Achilles, says Chiron—he is one of the new sect called Methodists, and having naturally a full and rosy cheek, they hardly believe him one of their fraternity, nor do his audience thoroughly affect him; they cried he did not look studious enough—that plenty was not the idea they had of a preacher, but of a man in affliction, a man of sorrow and cares, rejected, scorn’d, despised and buffeted, like those he so faintly endeavours to imitate.

‘ Upon this he disappeared for a year or two (I know the hypocrite full well) and in obedience to his best friends advice, he now wears barnacles, paints himself of a pale and livid colour, and not a man of the whole body is so caressed, so followed, and so applauded! he is all of a sudden a man after God’s own heart; has an utter contempt for money, as they think, as also for delicate fare. But, believe me, from the halfpenny dish he has collected ten thousand pounds, and to-night will sup more elegantly than any alderman of this great city, and eat as heartily too.’

We shall give our readers one more passage, which shews the author no stranger to men and manners.

‘ Will you (says he) have a peep at the author? Observe he is, for want of even the price of a basin of soup, going into shops and cheapening, to pass away the middle hours of the day, which if not spent under cover, look very suspicious always, and are as sure signs of a man’s wanting a dinner, as that of a parson in his canonicals walking in service hours, is of his having no wages that day but those of sin.——

‘ Well! and what think you of that lady stepping into the silver-smith’s. Guess, and guess again, till you are tired, and I’ll engage you know her not; she seems happy and rich, does she not? I’ll prove to you she is neither. But prithee take the glass, I’m tired of explaining for the present: you’ll see in a minute, what I should be whole hours expatiating on.——

‘ The devil take her! I wish I had never looked; I thought her modest, innocent, honest, a person of rank and honour, if not of wealth, but I see her errand in a borrowed chariot, is first, either to get credit or pilfer. Observe how nicely she conveys those tea-spoons into her glove, and wraps that pepper-box up in her handkerchief. Will she escape? yes, faith! pleased with the glitter of a chariot at their door, the partners

‘ never examine her till she gets off. And then, observe a quarrel ensues betwixt them; for the elder one of the two, who is married, damns the other’s eyes heartily, and swears it was owing to his admiring her features, that the mischief came.— This comes, says he, of whoring with eyes, for I can prove that expression to be right from doctor R——n’s last sermon at St. D——n’s, and therefore we must part, unless you will marry and be honest.’

Upon the whole, the *Mental Optician* seems to be the performance of a young writer of some abilities, who has not yet learned that most useful art, *the art to blot*: many parts of it are carelessly written, and afford but little entertainment: notwithstanding which, if the two volumes were contracted into one, and some corrections made in the stile, Chiron might pass very well in the croud of modern authors, and go off for what Mr. Foote facetiously terms *pretty light summer reading*.

ART. XIV. *The true end and design of fasting; set forth in a sermon preached at the parish church of St. Lawrence Jewry, Feb. 17, 1758. Being the day appointed for a general fast. By W. Agate, Lecturer of the said parish. Published at the request of the parishioners. Printed for the Author. 8vo. 6d.*

MR. Agate’s sermon is a most curious performance, consisting of a choice collection of puns and conundrums, sage reflections, good jokes, and witticisms innumerable. Where Mr. Agate is serious he is extremely dull, and still duller when he attempts to be comical. He sets out with telling us, that the ‘ duty of fasting is founded (a foundation we little thought of) in the common practice of mankind;’ the contrary to which is we believe as evident as facts can make it. He then informs us, that to fast is ‘ the best course we can take to take revenge upon ourselves; and that being cruel to ourselves inclines God to shew us mercy;’ a doctrine which smells a little too strong of popery for a protestant preacher. He tells us a little after, that ‘ fullness of bread is apt to darken the bright regions of our souls, whereas fasting turns the edge of our appetites.’ What bombastical stuff is this for a sermon! But observe, gentle reader, the warmth of the patriot. ‘ O Prussia! (says he) a prince formed by nature, and finished by experience for great and noble enterprises! What hast thou done! or rather what hast thou not done! more than could possibly be expected, more than the most sanguine hopes could conceive! we may talk of Alexanders, Pompeys, Cæsars, &c. but invincible Prussia! thou dost exceed them all!’

Remark now our witty and facetious divine, how pleasant he grows on our late miscarriages. ‘ Bad as we are (says this ingenious gentleman) I cannot, for my country’s sake, think ourselves  
‘ worse



‘ worse than our enemies : Whether if a certain elect——e had  
 ‘ been safe, and free from danger : or had we sent a *Mor-daunt-*  
 ‘ *less* commander, it is more than probable the grand, the un-  
 ‘ happy, the expensive, though well-schemed expedition, had not  
 ‘ failed of the promising success.’ Pray gentlemen observe the  
 humour of the word *Mor-daunt-less* ; and then pass on to the fol-  
 lowing pretty conceit. ‘ The officers and commanders of the pre-  
 ‘ sent times may not perhaps be averse to *powder* and *balls* ; but  
 ‘ then they are of a far different hue and texture from what their  
 ‘ forefathers used. The one only serves to set off and decorate  
 ‘ their persons, the other to annoy and chastise our enemies. But  
 ‘ this latter may have something mercurial in its composition, any  
 ‘ may prove fatal in its operation : and therefore our modern  
 ‘ military heroes think it ought to be cautiously and sparingly  
 ‘ used.’

No more need be said on this *excellent* discourse : we shall only observe, that Mr. Agate is not much obliged to his friends the parishioners of St. *Lawrence Jewry*, for requesting their lecturer to expose himself in print ; as they must have been satisfied that the sermon is a flimsy, poorly written, and in many parts of it, a most ridiculous composition.

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ART. XV. *The History of the Four Last Years of the Queen.* By the late Jonathan Swift, D. D. D. S. P. D. Published from the last manuscript copy, corrected and enlarged by the author's own hand. 8vo. Price 5 s. Millar.

‘ **T**HUS the long wished for History of the four last years of the  
 ‘ Queen's reign, is at length brought to light, in spite of all en-  
 ‘ deavours to suppress it !’ These are the pompous words with which  
 this performance is ushered into the world. But the editor immedi-  
 ately recollecting, that this *long wished for* birth was somewhat illegiti-  
 mate, sets himself, as is usual in such cases, to justify his own conduct,  
 by pleading the goodness of his intention. A copy of this history,  
 he tells us, was entrusted by the Dean to a gentleman of Ireland  
 with whom he lived in perfect friendship : this gentleman being  
 afraid, lest a work so valuable and interesting should be *lost or effaced*,  
 detained the copy in his own hands till the Dean's death ; and as  
 there was no prospect of the publication of this history by the  
 Dean's executors, he now thought it his indispensable duty to his  
 departed friend, to bring to light that which they had suppressed.  
 In consequence of this resolution he put it into the hands of the  
 editor, who publishes it for the good of the public, abstracted  
 from all private regards, which (as he justly observes) are never to  
 be permitted to come in competition with the common good.

After such a declaration, the reader would naturally have expected a panegyric upon the performance to have followed, and  
 must

must be surprized to find, instead of it, a violent declamation against the principles and character of the author, and several paragraphs employed to shew that this History, *so valuable, and so necessary to be published for the common good*, is the offspring of a mind blinded by prejudices and passions that disgrace the historian. In doing this, the editor has shewn himself to be little acquainted with the stile, and extremely averse to the principles of his author: the inelegant and inexpressive multiplicity of words in which he pours forth his own loyalty, makes a strange figure, when compared with the purity, perspicuity, and force of Swift's language. This contrast has struck us so strongly, that we cannot forbear transcribing one paragraph of the preface, for the entertainment of our readers. 'This manuscript has now fallen into the hands of a man, who never could associate with, or even approve any of the parties or factions, that have differently distracted, it might be said disgraced, these kingdoms; because, he has as yet known none, whose motives or rules of action were truth and the public good alone; of one, who judges, that perjured magistrates of all denominations, and their most exalted minions, may be exposed, deprived, or cut off, by the fundamental laws of his country; and who, upon these principles, from his heart, approves, and glories in, the virtues of his predecessors, who revived the true spirit of the British polity, in laying aside a priest-ridden, an hen-pecked, tyrannical tool, who had overturned the political constitution of his country, and in re-instituting the dissolved body politic, by a revolution.'

A man so transported with republican zeal, could not help considering the Dean's history as a most pernicious work; but since he was prompted to publish it, by motives abstracted from all private regards, it was kindly done in him to provide such an antidote against its poison, as every intelligent reader will find in his advertisement.

The history itself bears all the marks of being the genuine work of Swift. The same purity of language, the same perspicuity of thought, the same peculiar turn of expression, the same contemptuous pride, and the same keenness of satire, which distinguish the other productions of the Dean, are visible in every part of this composition. From one who lived in such familiarity with the principal personages who make a figure in this period, from one who was himself admitted behind the scenes, and who had access to observe not only events, but their springs and causes, many anecdotes might have been expected, and great and unheard-of discoveries were supposed to be contained in *his long wished for* book; but after all the expectations of the public, and the promises of the editor, we find little in this performance to satisfy our curiosity; the facts related may be met with in the common historians, and are familiar to every man who has had access to any person of observation who lived in that period.

Nor



Nor does this history answer in any degree to the title which it bears. Instead of giving the reader any satisfying account of the state of the nation, instead of entering into any detail of the memorable events which happened during the four last years of the Queen, the Dean confines himself almost wholly to those negotiations and intrigues occasioned by the treaty of Utrecht.

We have often heard, that the late Lord Bolingbroke used to declare, that if ever that performance should see the light, the world would find it to be a factious pamphlet, rather than an history. The public, we are persuaded, will now be satisfied that this criticism was just. Swift, whom of all the English authors we pronounce the most pure, the most agreeable, and the most nervous, when he wrote upon subjects which suited his genius, seems altogether to have wanted the talents peculiar to a great historian. We speak not of his stile alone, tho' men of taste have often observed, that he was so attentive to perspicuity, as, to neglect in a great measure the graces and harmony of language; and that his periods are the clearest, but perhaps the least musical, of any of the more eminent English authors. The defects which we shall point out are of greater importance, and such as not only render a composition less perfect, but altogether destroy its historical credit. These defects are of two kinds; the want of impartiality, and the want of dignity.

When great men have undertaken to relate the transactions, in which they themselves made a considerable figure, they have always written with impartiality, or with the appearance of it. They have attempted to divest themselves of those passions, which animate and inflame almost every person who engages in faction, and upon a calm review, they see both men and things in a light very different from that in which they appeared, while the scene itself was before their eyes. No man ever served or conducted his party with more impetuous zeal than De Retz, but when he sat down to write his memoirs, he assumed the temper of a philosopher, and shewed himself capable both of confessing his own faults, and of discovering the good qualities of his enemies. Even Bolingbroke, who, while the contests betwixt the Whig and Tory factions were at a heighth, adopted the prejudices and passions of his party, and acted like a man entirely under their dominion; in all his reflections upon that period, affects the tone of impartiality, and the best panegyric upon the Duke of Marlborough has come from his pen. Swift's enmities, however, were unrelenting, and immortal; and that rancour which other men feel only during the rage of faction, seems to have taken possession of his mind, and to have been cherished by him as a virtue. The History of the four last Years of the Queen was written immediately after the treaty of Utrecht, and contains many things, which at that time it was natural, or proper for Swift, as a bigotted writer for a faction, to believe or to publish;

3

but

but his allowing this work to lie by him during twenty years, without mitigating in any degree its virulence, or suffering sober reflection to correct what had been dictated by party-rage, may well be considered as the strongest instance of the obstinacy and unchangeableness of his passions. How could he imagine that posterity would be so ill-informed, as to give credit to the following narrative ! ‘ Prince Eugene’s visit to his friends in England continued longer than was expected ; he was every day entertained ‘ magnificently by persons of quality of both parties ; he went ‘ frequently to the Treasurer, and sometimes affected to do it in ‘ private ; he visited the other ministers and great officers of the ‘ court, but on all occasions publickly owned the character and ‘ appellation of a Whig ; and in secret, held continual meetings ‘ with the Duke of Marlborough, and the other discontented lords, ‘ where Mr. Bothmar usually assisted. It is the great ambition of ‘ this prince to be perpetually engaged in war, without considering ‘ the cause or consequence ; and to see himself at the head of an ‘ army, where only he can make any considerable figure. He is ‘ not without a natural tincture of that cruelty, some time charged ‘ upon the Italians ; and being nursed in arms, hath so far extinguished pity and remorse, that he will at any time sacrifice a ‘ thousand mens lives, to a caprice of glory or revenge. He had ‘ conceived an incurable hatred for the Treasurer, as the person ‘ who principally opposed this insatiable passion for war ; said he ‘ had hopes of others, but that the Treasurer was *un mechant di-* ‘ *able*, not to be moved ; therefore, since it was impossible for him ‘ or his friends to compass their designs, while that minister continued at the head of affairs, he proposed an expedient, often ‘ practised by those of his country, that the Treasurer (to use his ‘ own expression) should be taken off, *a la negligence* ; that this ‘ might easily be done, and pass for an effect of chance, if it were ‘ preceded by encouraging some proper people to commit small ‘ riots in the night : and in several parts of the town, a crew of ‘ obscure ruffians were accordingly employed about that time, who ‘ probably exceeded their commission ; and mixing themselves ‘ with those disorderly people that often infest the streets at mid- ‘ night, acted inhuman outrages on many persons, whom they cut ‘ and mangled in the face and arms, and other parts of the body, ‘ without any provocation ; but an effectual stop was soon put to ‘ these enormities, which probably prevented the execution of the ‘ main design.

‘ I am very sensible, that such an imputation ought not to be ‘ charged upon any person whatsoever, upon slight grounds or ‘ doubtful surmises ; and that those who think I am able to produce no better, will judge this passage to be fitter for a libel than ‘ a history ; but as the account was given by more than one person ‘ who was at the meeting, so it was confirmed past all contradiction by several intercepted letters and papers : and it is most cer- ‘ tain,



tain, that the rage of the defeated party, upon their frequent disappointments, was so far inflamed, as to make them capable of some counsels yet more violent and desperate than this, which, however, by the vigilance of those near the person of her Majesty, were happily prevented.'

Nothing can be more wide of the truth than this character of Prince Eugene. He professed talents, which rendered him no less *considerable* in the cabinet than in the field; and the ascendant which he acquired and long preserved in the Imperial court, proves him to have been an able politician as well as a great general. To represent the nocturnal riots of the *Mohocks*, as part of a deep-laid scheme for assassinating the Lord Treasurer Harley, is indeed an amazing proof of our author's credulity. The *Mohocks*, as every man knows who has learning enough to read the *Spectator*, were a club of wild young fellows, who scoured the streets at midnight, and terrified many sober citizens, whom it would have better become at that hour to have been asleep in their beds. We have been informed, that this formidable society was chiefly composed of youths, whose principles were whiggish; but we are persuaded no sober man ever imagined, that this institution was in any degree a political one, or that any party could be so absurd, as to entrust the scheme of assassinating a prime minister to such giddy heads. A competent dose of drink, and a strong flow of spirits, may account for all their sallies and gambols; and our author's serious endeavours to persuade his readers, that a profound plot lay concealed here, puts us in mind of his own comical essay, to prove that the cries of Dublin were all contrived on purpose to hurt the revolution-establishment, and the illustrious house of Hanover.

Besides this passage, which we have selected as singular in its kind, many others might be produced, where it would be easy to shew, the Dean's prejudices had either prevented him from seeing truth, or had prompted him to disguise it. But the bounds allotted to this article forbid such a long discussion.

We shall proceed therefore to make some reflections upon the characters which our author has drawn. He has very properly begun his work by characterizing Lord Sommers, the Duke and Dutchess of Marlborough, Lord Godolphin, Lord Sunderland, Lord Cowper, Lord Wharton, the principal personages in the Whig *Junto*, and to those he joins Lord Nottingham, a convert, who added much lustre and authority to the party. As we are always more willing to praise than to censure, we acknowledge these characters to be the most meritorious part of our author's work. They are drawn with a masterly hand, they are distinguished by those bold and strong touches of the pencil, which are peculiar to the Dean, and in our opinion are the best figures finished by any English artist, excepting those of Lord Clarendon. They are, however, only fine figures, but not just portraits; and every impartial person will pronounce them to be extremely unlike

the originals. Indeed, our author himself professes to view them only in one light; 'for, says he, I do not intend to draw their characters intire, which would be tedious, and little to the purpose; but shall only single out those passions, acquirements, and habits, which the owners were most likely to transfer into their political schemes, and which were most subservient to the designs they seemed to have in view.'

It will be no injury to our author to add, that he has placed them in a light which discovered their imperfections alone, that every bad feature has been described with malicious aggravation, and his pencil throughout the whole has been dipt in gall. To enumerate all the strokes of malevolence would be endless; we shall only exhibit to our readers, the first figure in the catalogue. 'The Lord Sommers may very deservedly be reputed the head and oracle of that party: he hath raised himself, by the concurrence of many circumstances, to the greatest employments of the state, without the least support from birth or fortune: he hath constantly, and with great steadiness, cultivated those principles under which he grew. That accident which first produced him into the world, of pleading for the bishops, whom King James had sent to the Tower, might have proved a piece of merit as honourable as it was fortunate; but the old republican spirit, which the Revolution had restored, began to teach other lessons; that since we had accepted a new king from a calvinistical commonwealth, we must also admit new maxims in religion and government: but since the nobility and gentry would probably adhere to the established church, and to the rights of monarchy as delivered down from their ancestors; it was the practice of those politicians to introduce such men as were perfectly indifferent to any or no religion, and who were not likely to inherit much loyalty from those to whom they owed their birth; of this number was the person I am now describing. I have hardly known any man with talents more proper to acquire and preserve the favour of a prince, never offending in word or gesture, which are in the highest degree courteous and complaisant, wherein he set an excellent example to his colleagues, which they did not think fit to follow; but this extreme civility is universal and undistinguished, and in private conversation, where he observeth it as inviolably as if he were in the greatest assembly, it is sometimes censured as formal; two reasons are assigned for this behaviour; first, from the consciousness of his humble original, he keepeth all familiarity at the utmost distance, which otherwise might be apt to intrude; the second, that being sensible how subject he is to violent passions, he avoideth all incitements to them, by teaching those he converses with, from his own example, to keep a great way within the bounds of decency and respect; and it is, indeed, true, that no man is more apt to take fire upon the least appearance of provocation, which temper he strives to subdue with the utmost



‘most violence upon himself; so that his breast has been seen to  
‘heave, and his eyes to sparkle with rage in those very moments,  
‘when his words, and the cadence of his voice, were in the hum-  
‘blest and softest manner; perhaps that force upon his nature  
‘may cause that insatiable love of revenge, which his detractors  
‘lay to his charge, who consequently reckon dissimulation among  
‘his chief perfections: avarice he hath none; and his ambition is  
‘gratified, by being the uncontested head of his party; with an  
‘excellent understanding, adorned by all the polite parts of learn-  
‘ing, he hath very little taste for conversation, to which he pre-  
‘fers the pleasure of reading and thinking; and in the intervals of  
‘his time amuseth himself with an illiterate chaplain, an humble  
‘companion, or a favourite servant.’

We shall not oppose to this the beautiful character of that great man, drawn by Mr. Addison in the *Freeholder*; because our author’s admirers might impute this to the adulation of a party-writer; nor shall we mention the general admiration in which his character is still held: this might be considered only as an effect of the prevailing power of that faction to which he belonged; we shall only set in opposition to the character now produced, another drawn by our author himself. Swift, it is well known, early attached himself to the Whigs, and courted the patronage of Lord Sommers. At that time the qualities and *acquirements* of this nobleman, appearing to him in a different light, he addressed to him the admirable dedication of the *Tale of a Tub* in the name of the bookseller, and among other delicate touches of panegyric, the following is remarkable: ‘But to ply the world with an old  
‘beaten story, of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wis-  
‘dom, and justice, and politeness, and candor, and evenness of  
‘temper in all scenes of life; of that great discernment in discover-  
‘ing, and readiness in favouring deserving men; with forty other  
‘common topics; I confess, I have neither conscience, nor coun-  
‘tenance to do it. Because, there is no virtue, either of a public  
‘or private life, which some circumstances of your own have not  
‘often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few, which  
‘for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed  
‘unseen or unobserved by your friends, your enemies have at  
‘length brought to light.’

It would not have been amiss for the Dean, while he drew the one character, to have remembered how much such a glaring contradiction detracts from his credit as an historian, and from his dignity as a man.

Having considered the bold strokes with which Swift dashes out the characters of his enemies, let us next view the flattering colours with which he delineates his friends. Of this kind the character of Harley is the most conspicuous. ‘In this oppressed and in-  
‘tangled state was the kingdom, with relation to its debts, when  
‘the Queen removed the earl of Godolphin from his office, and  
‘put

' put it into commission, of which the present treasurer was one.  
 ' This person had been chosen speaker successively to three par-  
 ' liaments, was afterwards secretary of state, and always in great  
 ' esteem with the queen for his wisdom and fidelity. The late  
 ' ministry, about two years before their fall, had prevailed with  
 ' her majesty, much against her inclination, to dismiss him from  
 ' her service; for which they cannot be justly blamed, since he  
 ' had endeavoured the same thing against them, and very narrowly  
 ' failed; which makes it the more extraordinary that he should  
 ' succeed in a second attempt against those very adversaries, who  
 ' had such fair warning by the first. He is firm and steady in his  
 ' resolutions, not easily diverted from them after he hath once  
 ' possessed himself of an opinion that they are right, nor very com-  
 ' municative where he can act by himself, being taught by expe-  
 ' rience, that a secret is seldom safe in more than one breast.  
 ' That which occurs to other men after mature deliberation, offers  
 ' to him as his first thoughts; so that he decides immediately what  
 ' is best to be done, and therefore is seldom at a loss upon sudden  
 ' exigencies. He thinks it a more easy and safe rule in politics to  
 ' watch incidents as they come, and then turn them to the advantage  
 ' of what he pursues, than pretend to foresee them at a great distance,  
 ' Fear, cruelty, avarice, and pride, are wholly strangers to his na-  
 ' ture; but he is not without ambition. There is one thing peculiar  
 ' in his temper, which I altogether disapprove, and do not re-  
 ' member to have heard or met with in any other man's character:  
 ' I mean, an easiness and indifference under any imputation, al-  
 ' though he be never so innocent, and although the strongest  
 ' probabilities and appearance are against him; so that I have  
 ' known him often suspected by his nearest friends, for some  
 ' months, in points of the highest importance, to a degree, that  
 ' they were ready to break with him, and only undeceived by  
 ' time and accident. His detractors, who charge him with cunning,  
 ' are but ill acquainted with his character; for, in the sense they  
 ' take the word, and as it is usually understood, I know no man  
 ' to whom that mean talent could be with less justice applied, as  
 ' the conduct of affairs, while he hath been at the helm, doth  
 ' clearly demonstrate, very contrary to the nature and principles  
 ' of cunning, which is always employed in serving little turns,  
 ' proposing little ends, and supplying daily exigencies by little  
 ' shifts and expedients. But to rescue a prince out of the hands  
 ' of insolent subjects, bent upon such designs as must probably  
 ' end in the ruin of the government; to find out means for paying  
 ' such exorbitant debts as this nation hath been involved in, and  
 ' reduce it to a better management; to make a potent enemy  
 ' offer advantageous terms of peace, and deliver up the most  
 ' important fortrefs of his kingdom, as a security; and this against  
 ' all the opposition, mutually raised and inflamed by parties and  
 ' allies; such performances can only be called cunning by those  
 ' whose



‘ whose want of understanding, or of candour, puts them upon  
‘ finding ill names for great qualities of the mind, which them-  
‘ selves do neither possess, nor can form any just conception of.  
‘ However, it must be allowed, that an obstinate love of secrecy  
‘ in this minister seems, at distance, to have some resemblance of  
‘ cunning ; for he is not only very retentive of secrets, but appears  
‘ to be so too, which I number amongst his defects. He hath been  
‘ blamed by his friends for refusing to discover his intentions,  
‘ even in those points where the wisest man may have need of  
‘ advice and assistance ; and some have censured him, upon that  
‘ account, as if he were jealous of power : but he hath been heard  
‘ to answer, “ That he seldom did otherwise, without cause to  
‘ repent.”

‘ However, so undistinguished a caution cannot, in my opinion,  
‘ be justified, by which the owner loseth many advantages, and  
‘ whereof all men, who deserved to be confided in, may with some  
‘ reason complain. His love of procrastination (wherein doubtless  
‘ nature hath her share) may probably be increased by the same  
‘ means ; but this is an imputation laid upon many other great  
‘ ministers, who, like men under too heavy a load, let fall that  
‘ which is of the least consequence, and go back to fetch it when  
‘ their shoulders are free ; for time is often gained, as well as lost,  
‘ by delay, which at worst is a fault on the securer side. Neither  
‘ probably is this minister answerable for half the clamour raised  
‘ against him upon that article : his endeavours are wholly turned  
‘ upon the general welfare of his country, but perhaps with too  
‘ little regard to that of particular persons, which renders him less  
‘ amiable than he would otherwise have been from the goodness  
‘ of his humour, and agreeable conversation in a private capacity,  
‘ and with few dependers. Yet some allowance may perhaps be  
‘ given to this failing, which is one of the greatest he hath, since  
‘ he cannot be more careless of other men’s fortunes than he is  
‘ of his own. He is master of a very great and faithful memory,  
‘ which is of mighty use in the management of public affairs ; and  
‘ I believe there are few examples to be produced in any age, of  
‘ a person who hath passed through so many employments in the  
‘ state, endowed with a great share, both of divine and human  
‘ learning.’

As we set in opposition to the former character another drawn  
by Swift himself, we shall compare this with one which comes from  
the pen of his friend Lord Bolingbroke. ‘ The minister (Harley)  
‘ who was at their head, shewed himself every day incapable of  
‘ that attention, that method, that comprehension of different  
‘ matters, which the first post in such a government as ours re-  
‘ quires in quiet times. He was the first spring of all our motion  
‘ by his credit with the queen, and his concurrence was necessary  
‘ to every thing we did by his rank in the state : and yet this man  
‘ seemed to be sometimes asleep, and sometimes at play. He neg-

‘lected the thread of business ; which was carried on for this reason with less dispatch and less advantage in the proper channels : and he kept none in his own hands. He negotiated, indeed, by fits and starts, by little tools, and indirect ways : and thus his activity became as hurtful as his indolence ; of which I could produce some remarkable instances. No good effect could flow from such a conduct.——Whilst this was doing, Oxford looked on, as if he had not been a party to all which had passed ; broke now and then a jest, which favoured of the inns of court and the bad company in which he had been bred : and on those occasions, where his station obliged him to speak of business, was absolutely unintelligible.

‘Whether this man ever had any determined view besides that of raising his family is, I believe, a problematical question in the world. My opinion is, that he never had any other.——But on the other hand, (he continues to speak of Harley) who proposes no such object, who substitutes artifice in the place of ability, who, instead of leading parties, and governing accidents, is eternally agitated backwards and forwards by both, who begins every day something new, and carries nothing on to perfection, may impose a while on the world : but a little sooner or a little later the mystery will be revealed, and nothing will be found to be couched under it but a thread of pitiful expedients, the ultimate end of which never extended farther than living from day to day.——He is naturally inclined to believe the worst ; which I take to be a certain mark of a mean spirit and a wicked soul : at least I am sure that the contrary quality, when it is not due to weakness of understanding, is the fruit of a generous temper, and an honest heart. Prone to judge ill of all mankind, he will rarely be seduced by his credulity ; but I never knew a man so capable of being the bubble of his distrust and jealousy. He was so in this case, although the Queen, who could not be ignorant of the truth, said enough to undeceive him. But to be undeceived, and to own himself so, was not his play. He hoped by cunning to varnish over his want of faith and of ability.’

Both Bolingbroke and Swift were well acquainted with the person whom they pretend to describe, they lived with him in familiarity, and had access to observe his conduct and sentiments in a proper point of view ; they address themselves not to any distant age, but to men who knew and conversed with him as well as they ; and yet what different features have they given him ! Future historians will be apt to think themselves happy in finding guides, who had such opportunity to be well informed ; but how much will they be disappointed ? and if they shall be destitute of other information, under what uncertainty must they remain ? Future Bayles will quote these characters as the strongest proof of the *Pyrrhonisme Historique*, and will conclude, that where cotemporary authors differ so widely, historians of a more remote age can decide



decide nothing. But notwithstanding the opposition of these two characters, notwithstanding the partiality of friendship which prevails in the one, and the malice of enmity which is visible in the other, an intelligent reader will form the following conclusion, which both of them serve to confirm. That amidst all the great talents which Harley possessed, and which even his enemies cannot deny him, suspicion, and reserve, predominated to such a degree, as gave a mysterious air to his whole conduct, and always bordered on excessive refinement, and often resembled the meanest cunning. This imperfection lost him the confidence of his friends, and leading him to act by himself, afforded great advantages to his enemies.

Before we leave this article concerning our authors *characters*, we shall mention the singular one he draws of Sir Robert Walpole. 'The commons began their examination of the report with a member of their own, Mr. Robert Walpole, already mentioned \*; who, during his being secretary at war, had received five hundred guineas, and taken a note for five hundred pounds more, on account of two contracts for forage of the queen's troops quartered in Scotland. He endeavoured to excuse the first contract; but had nothing to say about the second. The first appeared so plain and so scandalous to the commons, that they voted the author of it guilty of a high breach of trust, and notorious corruption, committed him prisoner to the Tower, where he continued to the end of the session, and expelled him the house. He was a person much caressed by the opposers of the queen and ministry, having been first drawn into their party by his indifference to any principles, and afterwards kept steady by the loss of his place. His bold, forward countenance, altogether a stranger to that infirmity which makes men bashful, joined to a readiness of speaking in public, hath justly intitled him, among those of his faction, to be a sort of leader of the second form. The reader must excuse me for being so particular about one, who is otherwise altogether obscure.'

When the Dean wrote this paragraph, Mr. Walpole was only a private gentleman, but of such growing fame and authority among his party, that he might have been mentioned without this insolent apology. The Dean saw him rise to a more conspicuous station, and his chusing still to talk of him in the same language of contempt, is a striking instance of that disdainful pride which we have mentioned as peculiar to his character.

What we have said of our author's impartiality, serves likewise to prove his want of dignity. The dignity of an historian is founded on his impartiality, and whoever is destitute of the latter cannot possess the former. But besides this, Swift's stile seems not to be suited to the majesty of history. Pure and perspicuous it certainly

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is ;

\* When our author mentions him, p. 40, he calls him "one Mr. Robert Walpole."

is; but it has often more of the familiarity of a pamphleteer, than the solemnity of an historian. His talking so frequently in the first person, and introducing himself into scenes where he was no actor, only to repeat a hearsay, or to make a remark, does not agree with our ideas of historical composition, and differs much from the manner of Davila, Guicciardin, and other eminent historians, who relate events of which they themselves were witnesses, and in which they were concerned.

The history does not extend to the death of the queen, and gives no account of the negotiations which were supposed to be carried on by the Tory ministry, and which certainly were set on foot by some of them, with the court of the *abdicated* king, as our author calls him. It concludes abruptly at the signing of the treaty of Utrecht. We have good reason to believe that there are more perfect copies of the Dean's manuscript in different hands; whether these shall ever see the light, and whether they will contain more curious anecdotes than are to be found in the part now published, time must determine.

## FOREIGN ARTICLES.

## PARIS.

ART XVI. *Tableau de l'empire Ottoman, ou l'on trouve tout ce qui concerne la religion, la milice, le gouvernement civil des Turcs, et les grandes dignités de l'empire.*

An account of the Ottoman empire; in which the religion, militia, civil government, and great offices of that empire are treated of.

**H**E who opens this little book, in hopes to find traced the changes and revolutions that so often occur in great empires; or the structure explained of the political machines on which these enormous bodies roll, will be deceived. It only gratifies some little curiosity, in laying open the different branches of the topics mentioned in the title page. The details are detached, and without connection, but the author tells us he has taken them from the best writings; and, though he has forgot to quote his authorities, we can venture to pronounce his having furnished us with a real picture of the customs and manners of a nation vulgarly deemed barbarous and undisciplined.

The principal articles of the Turkish religion are contained in the \* *Khoran* of *Mahomet*, which was a collection of his writings made after his death, by a doctor of the laws, assisted by a Persian Jew, and a christian monk named Sergius, who, being forbid his convent

\* We have a fine translation of the *Khoran* in English, done from the Arabic by the late ingenious Mr. Sale.



convent for various misdemeanors, took refuge at Mecca. This book is divided into chapters, each unaccountably inscribed, as the *cow*, the *fly*, the *worm*, &c. And so highly is it revered, that it is death for a Christian or a Jew to touch it; nay, a Musfulman who handles it with unwashed hands, will suffer the same penalty. There are five essential points in the religion of Mahomet: 1. To keep all the external parts of the body clean. 2. To pray to God five times a day. 3. To observe the Ramadan or Lent strictly. 4. To give one fifth of one's income to the poor. 5. To make a pilgrimage to Mecca.

*Ablution*, or washing among the Turks is like absolution among papists; it cancels all offences in the sight of God, who holds that man in abomination that presumes to address him without fulfilling this essential command. So strict is their injunction to pray five times a day, that not even the sultan's orders, nor the house in flames, ought to interrupt the exercise. Women are not permitted to frequent their mosques or churches, lest they should draw off the attention of the men; who, when about to pray, turn their faces to that quarter wherein they suppose † Mecca, or the holy city, if no mosque is at hand. Their Sabbath-day is Friday, because on that day Mahomet retired to Medina, being banished from Mecca on account of his new doctrine; and there is no other day on which their prayers are so long. Their mosques are illuminated finely during the Ramadan or Lent, which lasts a whole moon; and from the rising to the setting sun: during all that time, the Turks are forbid to eat, drink, smoke, or converse carnally with women. One transgression is death; but if sickness or necessity on a journey compel to it, a true Turk will take care to make up for it within the year, by keeping fast for one, two, or three other days, so many as he has broke it. The Zekiat, or manner of giving alms in such profusion as they are enjoined, is what they least observe.

Interest has as great a share as devotion in their pilgrimage to Mecca, where they meet with vast companies of Indian and African merchants, with whom they drive a great trade. They travel in caravans annually, consisting at least of 50,000 people. Some of them go from Mecca to Medina, where the impostor lies interred. And he who cannot make this journey once in his life, is by the law allowed to send a deputy to represent him; for in Turkey a man may be saved by deputation. Circumcision is not an essential point of the Turkish faith; it is only a ceremony. Though they are forbidden to use wine, they drink it without scandal; pork however they abhor, and it is not because they are restricted from the use of it, but because they detest it, that they never taste it. *Montesquieu*, in his *spirit of laws* observes, that this ordinance

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† Mecca is called the Holy City, and much revered, because it gave birth to Mahomet.

ordinance was necessary to the preservation of their health; for the pork in the East is generally scabby.

Marriage among them is held in great veneration; they are allowed four wives, and as many concubines as they can maintain; but their wives must share their bed at least one night in the week; this they have a right to demand. If they declare their illegitimate children free in their last will, they inherit equally with the rest: if not, they are only regarded as slaves. If a Turk repents of having divorced one of his wives, he cannot demand her back, till another man has enjoyed her in his presence, and she is then at liberty to go back to her husband, or to stay with the other. A wife, when dissatisfied with her husband's conduct, goes to the *cadi* or judge, and shews him her slipper reversed, for she is not to speak. The husband is then summoned to answer her charge; if she persists in asking a divorce, she loses her dowry, and is left at liberty; but, if a man repudiates his wife, he must give her whatever portion he promised to her.

The head of the Turkish religion is called the *mufti*; their mosques are grand; and their sects very numerous. The military power of his empire, their manner of waging war, &c. is here but poorly related. The maritime force is not considerable; they have some galleys, and are otherwise furnished for marine expeditions from the regencies of Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers.

Justice is administered at Constantinople four days in a week, the judges sitting four hours each day; and the grand signior often hearkening himself from a private recess to their proceedings, and punishing injustice very severely. He is attended by the chief of the white eunuchs, his great chamberlain, and three mutes wait within call; he examines the conduct of his officers; if it displeases him, he stamps with his foot, the mutes appear, and, presenting the bow-string, strangle them without farther process. The punishment of the meaner sort of delinquents is by empaling; the wretch is held down by four men, while the executioner makes a large incision with a razor, in the fundament, applies a styptic, and drives thro' the body a piece of wood, which comes out at the breast or shoulders; and being then fixed in the ground, he is left to pine in the utmost torture; and sometimes survives two or three days, intreating passers to put an end to his misery. Law-suits never last here above sixteen or seventeen days; attornies and lawyers, those pests of christian society, are here unknown; every man pleads his cause himself.

This work treats largely and distinctly of the employments and dignities of the Ottoman empire; the power of the sultan, his number of slaves; the *œconomy* of his *seraglio*, wherein are lodged all his sultanas, a name given to the women by whom he has had children; the chief of whom is she who has borne the first child, and who is called the *sultana queen*. There is another *seraglio* called the old one, to which all the antiquated, sick, and ugly



ugly ladies are sent, and are immured for life. Public employments are generally bestowed on such young men as have been brought up at the expence of the grand signior; and they seldom choose any but such as are handsome and well made, affirming, that a polished soul was never lodged in an indifferent tenement.

Near the end of this treatise we are presented with some memoirs relating to the death of Mahomet V. and the late sultan Osman III. and their several grand vizirs; and it concludes with an abridgment of the life, religion, and politics of Mahomet the Impostor, that must be very pleasing to readers who know but little of this vast empire. The force of the Turkish empire, its wealth, general inhabitants, and police, are but indifferently handled; and, though the author is often tedious and inaccurate, he seems to have studied his subject, and is entertaining.

ART. XVII. *Les choses comme ont doit les voir.*

The world as it ought to be seen. By *Monf. Bastide*. 8vo. containing 180 pages.

**M**OST moralists look round them with a prejudice very favourable to themselves; they too often imagine that they are superior to their fellow mortals, and seize the pen either to humble or correct them. They laugh at the follies of the age, or seem exasperated against them. *Monf. Bastide* writes in a different manner; he aims at excusing rather than reforming our imperfections. He desires to please, and pretends not to decry reigning abuses, because where fixed, it would be a miracle to root them out; and this is not a wonder-working age. He hopes no-body will be offended with him for drawing men as they are, since it would be unfair to abuse a painter, who had drawn an ugly person to the life. In writing *about* men, he has endeavoured to write *to* men, in a manner whereby they may understand and profit. This work is divided into nineteen chapters; for though twenty are reckoned both in the book and table of contents, the fifteenth either never existed, or has been totally omitted.

Chap. I. *Of men*. Here the author would inspire us with a sentiment of humanity that might render us more indulgent to the faults of our fellow-creatures, which, in his opinion, would be of vast advantage to mankind in general. Our self-love would find account in it; and that which is the source of so many evils, would then produce a very different effect; by bearing with the faults of our neighbour patiently, we should examine thoroughly into their composition; and thence, not only avoid copying, but even applauding them. This inspection, by teaching us to distinguish what is really estimable from what is not so, would refine our nature, and raise humanity to an elevated pitch of grandeur.

Chap. II. *Of great men, courtezans, and courts.* The texture, design, and working to a conclusion of the best theatrical piece is no longer a work of genius, when brought in competition with the intrigues of the great. For the truth of this assertion examine their dependents; hear them reproached with false friendship, perfidy, &c. with passing shadows for substance. The sky of a serene night exhibits appearances and revolutions that may justly be likened to a courtezan. A new star strikes you with its beautiful illumination; it only just appears; it is gone before you have time to consider it. A court is a public place very difficult of access, though open on all sides. Fortune here presiding, flatters all; but gives her real favours only to few.

Chap. III. *Of society.* By society our author means a certain general association formed among human creatures, partly by instinct, partly by necessity, which imposes more duties than it bestows pleasures. Notwithstanding this imposition, the misanthrope and the cynic shall find the most delightful solitude yield less satisfaction, and own the conviction, by abandoning it, in spite of dissimulation.

Chap. IV. *Of women.* To write on this subject, according to Bastide, is to waste paper; to these no incense can be offered equal to what they give themselves, and criticism would offend, not correct, them. Were men obliged, under pain of their displeasure, to make themselves really worthy of them, they would soon become all that we could hope for; they would return us the compliment, and avoid loving before they esteemed. What a blessed reformation would here be!

Chap. V. *Of war.* War is the right of kings, the soul of a nation, and saves it from a thousand horrors. Many a man, who, by his valour in the cause of his country, has proved a pillar to his master's throne, would otherwise have died by the hand of the executioner for a breach of social duty.

Chap. VI. *Spirit of the mind.* Upon a proper exertion of this ingredient in the human system depends the happiness of life, the virtues of states, and the fate of the world.

Chap. VII. *Of authors.* Monsr. Bastide compares authors to a large body that has too many members, in which there is but little proportion; and still less harmony in their movements. One man, says he, publishes a treatise; another contradicts all his assertions; both have the power of persuading; and more's the pity, says our moralist, both have reason. An author, continues he, proves all the contrarieties that rule in the mind of man. His company is eagerly coveted in one place; in another it is dreaded. He is the life and soul of one house; the contempt of the next. He shall write twenty trifling pamphlets; the sale of them is prodigious; he prints a masterpiece of philosophy, and no-body reads; yet all arraign it. He abuses the fair sex, or perhaps represents them in  
real,



real, though disagreeable, colours; they all buy the book. He writes a spirited piece in their praise, and his bookseller is ruined.

[To be continued.]

ART. XVIII. *Les loixirs philosophiques, ou l'etude de l'homme.*

Philosophical leisure, or the study of man. By M. B—. 12mo.

**A**PPLYING one's self to the knowledge of useful truths, forming the heart, and laying down sure principles according to which to act, is the true philosophical leisure; it is enjoying the dignity of one's being, and ought at times to be every man's employment. Some writers have made it theirs with success; and among them the author of the book before us may, in some measure, be ranked. The principal objects of his consideration are nature, education, fortune, happiness, and virtue: he has reviewed them with more heat than accuracy; and gives us room to imagine, that he plumes himself upon a leisure which he was not always master of when engaged in this work, which in many places appears to have been hurried. In the following reflection he does justice to his subject.

Man has two parts, a soul and body; but the education of one of these parts is almost always neglected. A child is either entirely delivered up to a man who forms his mind, by instructing him in languages and science; or else no care is taken but about his bodily exercises. The former mode of education is indeed the less blameable; but the parent or guardian, in the total neglect of the latter, is not entirely free from censure. A fine outside, *says he*, a glaring habit, will place a man of fortune above the common rank of people; but the sentiments inspired by a good education, will lift him superior to those who rank above them. For my part, *continues he*, I boast not birth, I am master of no fortune; my business is the study of the law; my pleasure, philosophy and letters: the latter sweeten life; the former is necessary to it. I live happily; those about me partake of the satisfaction: I can say still more, when the great can say as much.

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PAINTING, &c.

**M**R. Scot has lately favoured the public with two very agreeable views of the bridges of London and Westminster, with the parts adjacent; which for elegance in design, and merit in the execution, have been deservedly and universally admired. The perspective in both is finely observed, the figures are well grouped, the buildings accurately drawn, the water and shipping excellent. The view of London Bridge is extremely valuable, as it represents that building, not as it now is, but in its more picturesque state,

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with

with the old houses upon it before the late alteration, which may give posterity an idea of the place, when every other memorial of it may be buried in oblivion.

The ingenious artist, to whom we are obliged for these prints, is the only ship-painter of any note or eminence now living; and, in the opinion of the judicious, no way inferior to the celebrated names of *Vanderweld* and *Monamy*. We heartily wish, that some of our admirals would, if it was only for the sake of encouraging the liberal arts, give this gentleman an opportunity of shewing his skill in the representation of, what we have almost forgot, *a victory at sea*.

Monthly CATALOGUE.

- ✓ Art. 19. *Two letters, adapted to the present critical conjuncture. The first, to all military gentlemen, by sea and land; pointing out the true soldier, as animated by religion, and the love of his country.*

*The second, to all others interested in the success of our counsels and arms. Representing the favour of God, as necessary hereunto; and the righteousness of individuals, as essential to our securing the divine protection. By H. Worthington, A. M. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Griffiths.*

THESE two letters are puritanical rhapsodies, which, if delivered with proper recitative and gesticulation, from the pulpit of the Tabernacle in Tottenham-court Road, would not fail to draw tears from the eyes of cobblers, and groans of compassion from the hearts of butchers and draymen. How would such an audience admire this observation: 'What could carry soldiers more bravely through an action, than being of good courage and behaving valiantly?—Without true valour a soldier is a mere poltron:' and he might have added, 'Without virtue a man is no better than one of the wicked: without understanding a man is a mere blockhead: without shoes a man is unshod.' The author, good man! is so full of his subject, that he repeats his exhortation over and over, and continues to beat the same dull march, as it were—*on drum ecclesiastic*, until the reader begins to yawn. Endeavouring to inspire courage, he assembles the images of horror; and, instead of inviting mankind to the practice of virtue, attempts to frighten them from vice by drawing hideous pictures of the day of judgment. If we take Mr. Worthington's advice, we must renounce all the joys, and even the comforts of this life: we must pass our days in fasting, prayer, and mortification: we must despise the vanities of the world. This is a strange argument for fighting with courage. To fight for that which is not worth enjoying: to fight for affliction and misery, which we are sure to have in plenty, if we do  
not



not fight at all. How must weak minds be agitated and impressed, when this gloomy divine pronounces that the Lord has declared war against these kingdoms, and fights the battle of our enemies? Will not such a declaration rather drive them to despair, than stimulate their courage? Will they not be apt to say 'if the Lord has declared against us, it will be in vain for us to resist: it will be impious to fight against the Lord, to make war upon that people whom he has taken into his immediate protection? We ought rather to cover ourselves with sackcloth and ashes, and submit to those chains he has prepared for our necks.'

Art. 20. *West-country thoughts on east-country folly. Occasioned by the late very extraordinary rejoicings on a late very remarkable day. By a private gentleman of Cornwall. Fol. Pr. 6 d. Scot.*

A very small extract from this poem will be sufficient to give us an idea of its merit. The author is very angry with us for celebrating the king of Prussia's birth-day, and particularly with the English Demosthenes, who, he tells us, after calling his P——n m——y robber, murtherer, &c. some years ago, now

'Pants with the fiercest ardour for the grace  
'Once to behold the royal hero's face.  
'Thro' Alps and Appenines, o'er Rhone and Soan,  
'Or frozen Caucasus, would tramp alone,  
'Might he at length the glorious boon possess,  
'His little finger with his lips to press.'

By these lines our readers will easily perceive that this piece is too contemptible to deserve any further notice.

Art. 21. *An essay written on a drum-head. Fol. Pr. 6 d. Cooke and Coote.*

This seems to be the work of some school-boy, who supposing *Britannia's occupation gone*, that she can no more be great in arms, has written an essay on her departed spirit, and her freedom extinct, in 17 stanzas of 4 lines each; of these, what follows are not the worst.

IV.

'No more this drum shall wake the British ear:  
'No more its thunder on the air shall roll,  
'No more in concert with the piercing trump  
'Shall brace the sinews of the warrior's soul.

V.

'Once there was music in the rattling tone;  
'Our ears were raptur'd at the noble ring,  
'But oh! these gallant sounds no longer charm,  
'We quit the drum to scrape a fiddle-string.'

Art. 22.

Art. 22. *Oppression displayed, or the baronet and miller. A tale, in four cantos. By a true-born Englishman. Pr. 1s. Wilkie.*

This is no more than a rhyming account of a country baronet's raising the rent upon his tenants, whenever he saw them thrive; particularly upon a miller, who was generally well beloved, and in whose circumstances all the landlord's exactions made no alteration. The old baronet dying, was succeeded by his eldest son, who had been

‘ ————— to Oxford sent,  
 ‘ A bright and lively youth, but indolent;  
 ‘ Kind, courteous, free, careless of worldly pelf,  
 ‘ An enemy to none but to himself.’

He immediately displaced the old steward Roger, who had been the instrument of all his father's tyranny; and gave the management of his estate to honest Will the miller, who advised him to lower the rents to what they had formerly been; and assured him the only way to win the love of his tenants, was, *to live and let live*. ‘As for my part, said he, when my rent was advanced I raised the toll, and thus was I enabled to get the better of the load that was laid on me by your father.’

There is nothing either in the story, or versification, to command attention, being void of poetry as well as incident, and nothing affecting.

✓ Art. 23. *The folly of appointing men of parts to great offices in a state. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Coote.*

This little pamphlet is written with spirit, and contains some sensible observations thrown together without any order or method; most of them expressed in a concise and lively manner. The author is very severe on the present management of public affairs. He observes (whether with truth or not the reader is able to judge) ‘that in the subaltern-great, nothing is so dangerous as to think: ‘that no misfortune is so terrible as having parts: that wit, discernment, knowledge of mankind, are suited only to the lower class of people: that taste and generosity of spirit are, of all things, to be feared: and, that to serve in offices of honour, the absence of all these qualities is the true and sole recommendation.’

‘Men are ashamed of religion, because it is out of fashion; ‘and of talents, because they shut the door to fortune: they incur the envy, and with it, that inseparable attendant, the hatred of mankind. We have shewn no statesman will allow them office; and we need but look into the world to see the misery they entail on their possessors. One not accustomed to these ‘countries



‘ countries would suppose, that they were something highly criminal, which heaven pursued with all its vengeance.’

A little further on, he tells us, ‘ the statesman hates men who can see too far : the Buckinghams are shortened by the head, when they grow circumspect : for, though the throne has shewn us but one Richard, the ministerial seat has given a thousand.’

Towards the conclusion of the pamphlet, our author pays some genteel compliments to the exalted men of parts and genius now living ; Doddington, Chesterfield, Lyttleton, and some others ; and finishes with a spirited defence of a character which has lately been shamefully represented by the malevolence of party and faction. Every honest Englishman, who has gratitude enough to remember what he owes to the duke of Cumberland, will read this passage with pleasure.

One more instance (*says this writer*) we will give to prove ‘ that men of distinguished abilities should, in all prudence, carefully conceal them : or, if they will disclose themselves in private life, that they should keep them out of public service.

‘ Who that was loved among his friends, admired by all whose admiration could give honour, happy in a sense of social satisfaction, and doubly happy in a generosity of mind that could extend the joy it loved to others ; who with these qualities, this fame, this happiness, would, for the idle hope of serving his poor country, expose himself to the envy, and therefore to the hatred, of misguided men !

‘ Who that was happy in a parent’s joy, and had a heart to feel that happiness, would break from the endearing ties of nature, and sacrifice them to a giddy crowd’s vain, and more vainly expected acclamations ! If there be such an one, he will not fail to meet the natural reward of his unnatural conduct : if he has success, he shall be ruined for it ; because it is not safe he should be popular : if not, the clamour of the hireling herd shall be let loose ; paternal tenderness shall be the jest of those who know not human nature ; even its infirmities shall be the source of slander ; and it shall be as much a crime, that he has not been placed above the frailties of mankind. Cabals shall first prevent success, and after blame him whom they so prevented. If impossibilities were expected, he shall be censured for not attaining them ; and Hanover shall blot Culloden from remembrance.’

✓ Art. 24. *A discourse preached at the parish church of St. Paul, Covent-Garden, on February 12, 1758. Being the Sunday preceding the general Fast. By George Davis, M. A. assistant-preacher at the said church. 4to. Pr. 6d. Baker.*

Mr. Davis’s sermon, preached on the Sunday preceding the General Fast, is, in our opinion, one of the best which has appeared

peared on this subject. The style is clear, nervous, and animated throughout. The order and method observed in it unexceptionable, and the sentiments very suitable to the solemnity of the occasion. The discourse is divided with great propriety into two heads. In the first of which, he represents to us the evils with which we are at present threatened; and in the second, points out to us, the means by which, with the blessing of God, we may hope to escape them. In the first of these, he sets the ill consequences of our enemies success in a just, though formidable, light.

‘ The Scriptures (*says he*) the only sure guides of our faith, and directors of our practice, must then be exchanged for idle tales and ridiculous legends. Instead of paying our adoration to the one true God and the one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, we must then worship saints and angels; we must fall down and prostrate ourselves before the relicts and bones of martyrs, real or pretended; before a graven image, or a consecrated waver. Our rational and primitive form of worship, the very beauty of holiness so admirably calculated to promote true piety and devotion in all who attend upon it, must then be given up for a ritual, pompous indeed in its ceremonies, but absurd and superstitious in their application; and of consequence destructive of every thing that can lay claim to the name of either. Or if standing fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, we should bravely refuse to be again entangled in the yoke of bondage; should our own convictions, supported by the assistances of divine grace, enable us to oppose such abominations; fines, confiscations, banishment and imprisonment, the galley or the stake, would then be our portion. This, we know, was the fate of our ancestors under princes of their own nation, from whom they might have expected, and who had indeed promised in the most solemn manner, and upon the most solemn occasions, a far different treatment. This, we know, is at this present hour the condition of our brethren of the reformation in France. And can it be expected that popery would wear a milder aspect to vassals and slaves, or be exercised with greater lenity towards a conquered people, than towards its own natural-born subjects? On the contrary, is it not reasonable to believe that persecution would then be let loose against us in all its terrors? That if we were formerly chastized with rods we should then be chastized with scorpions? That exulting, in short, in an opportunity which the papal powers have long and ardently wished for, of extirpating from among us, what they impiously call the Northern Heresy, they would stop at no means, however sanguinary or violent, to root out the very remembrance of it from the earth?—Then might we sit down by the waters of Babylon, and weep at the remembrance of our Sion. Then might we wish for those religious assemblies we have despised; for those sacred ordinances we have neglected, and turned our backs on; but they will be far



‘ far away : then may we in the bitterness of our souls, lament our  
 ‘ many vices and impieties which have brought down these heavy  
 ‘ judgments upon us, and wish, when too late, for the return of  
 ‘ that religion, the loss of which, whatever may be our thoughts  
 ‘ of it at present, we should then find to be the most dreadful of  
 ‘ all the calamities which the Divine Being in his anger could in-  
 ‘ flict upon us.’

We wish the nature of our work would permit us to lengthen our quotations from Mr. Davis’s discourses. We must at present content ourselves with remarking that what our author observes concerning the spirit of luxury and extravagance, so visible amongst us, the manner of educating our youth, with his whole review of the public manners of the nation, is masterly and striking. Upon the whole, we would recommend this discourse to our readers, as one much above the common run, and which, in an age wherein merit had any hopes of reward, might have secured to its author the notice of the great, and some chance of preferment amongst them.

✓ Art. 25. *A sermon preached at the parish church of St. Botolph without Bishopsgate, on Friday, Feb. 17, 1758. Being the day appointed by proclamation for a general Fast. By Thomas Ashton, Rector of the parish. 4to. Pr. 6d. Waller.*

Mr. Ashton’s sermon did not give us that satisfaction which we expected from a preacher so well known, and so deservedly admired. The discourse is sensible and spirited, but has a quaintness and affectation in the style, in our opinion, very unsuitable to the dignity and importance of its subject, and the place from whence it was delivered. The text is ‘ *When he slew them, then they sought him ; and they returned and enquired early after God. And they remembered that God was their Rock, and that the high God was their Redeemer. Nevertheless they did flatter him with their mouth, and they lied unto him with their tongues. For their heart was not right with him, neither were they stedfast in his covenant.*’ Ps. lxxviii. ver. 34-5-6-7.

In our author’s remarks on the behaviour of the Jews, he observes, that ‘ they had one sure way to save their souls alive, by  
 ‘ turning from their wickedness which they had committed. But this  
 ‘ they thought too great a price to give for their preservation.  
 ‘ They thought they could make a better bargain with their Maker ;  
 ‘ on a condition more easy to themselves. They sought him early ;  
 ‘ they appointed fasts and prayers, and supplications : they made  
 ‘ professions and protestations of duty and alliance ! they enquired  
 ‘ after God ! they looked back into the long history of all his acts.  
 ‘ They sang praise unto him. He wanted their affections, and  
 ‘ they gave him good works. He required obedience, and they  
 ‘ rent their garments ! As if the widest breaches between God and  
 ‘ his

‘ his people could be healed by a *song* ! And as if the favor of the Almighty were to be purchased at the *expence of a rag* !’

The phrases Mr. Ashton here makes use of, such as, *making a bargain*, giving God *good words*, his allusion to the vulgar expression of *an old song*, and the *expence of a rag*, surely carry with them an air too low and familiar for so solemn an occasion ; besides that they aim at wit and antithesis, which have no business in a sermon. Where he speaks of the earthquake and the terrors occasioned by it, he calls the churches the houses of God, where he *keeps his day, but sees little company*, and asks his parishioners whether they thought there were any hidden charm in the *black letter* in which the prayers are printed on Fast Days. In his comparison of the Jews with ourselves, ‘ Did they (*says he*) forsake God for other Gods, *wood and stone* !’ ‘ Do not we too for those which are more ridiculous, *ivory and paper* ? even *cards and dice* !’ These and a few more such objectible expressions excepted, the sermon is excellent, as the following passage will sufficiently testify. He is speaking of the impression made on our minds by the earthquake : ‘ Then (*says he*) we sought him early. We fasted and prayed—we believed and trembled !’ ‘ So favourable a seed time, one would have hoped might have produced a better harvest. One would have hoped that we were then in earnest. That the resolutions we then made would have lasted us our lives. That we would have been no longer strangers at the house of him, from whose terrors we could find no security, though we had been too insensible of his love. We consumed away in his displeasure. But no sooner was God pleased to take off his hand, but, like wax melted by the fire, we returned to our former hardness. We recovered our spirits, and were ashamed of our devotion ! Our religion, which was but the shadow of our fear, took leave of us when that did. It came and went with it. It had no trace left when that was gone ! As the morning cloud, as the early dew, it passed away !’ ‘ And so will all religion which springs up in no better soil, which takes no deeper root ! It withereth *before it be plucked up* ! Who that remembers the devotion of that day, could have persuaded himself, at that time, that it would have been so short-lived—’ ‘ The displeasure of God disappeared too soon for our credit, as well as for our virtue—Like headstrong children we took the advantage of the smile of our parent, we watched for the relaxation of his frown, and did not lose that first opportunity to return to our follies ! We gave too sudden and too sad a conviction, *that we had but flattered him with our mouth, and dissembled with him in our tongue—For our heart was not whole with him, neither continued we steadfast in his covenant.*’ The rest of the discourse is of a piece with this.

The author will pardon our remarks on the quaintness of some expressions, as we only mention them because we think them unworthy of, in all other respects, so good a preacher.

